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# internet sex unzipped

Looking for Just in all the right places  
BY JONATHAN DURBIN



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# Living the digital life

Making their family reunion a fun-filled experience was a snap for sisters Gillian Potts and Jessica Morgan – literally. On the day of the reunion, the sisters used a Canon PowerShot S400 digital camera and CP-300 Direct Photo Printer to capture moments and make instant prints. They were all surprised at how quick and easy it was to print their photos – thanks to Canon's Direct Print Technology. Everyone got to instantly print their pictures, and then laughed and shared the captured moments.

Gillian had even hired a friend to do face painting for all the nieces and nephews, who then got a photo keepsake they could either frame for themselves, or mail to a friend. The CP-300 printer also enabled the kids to print their pictures as stickers that they used to decorate their bags.

Everyone went home saying how this year was the most fun and exciting reunion ever, and were thrilled with the handful of new photos they had to fill their family albums.

Thanks to Canon Digital Photography, Gillian and Jessica's reunion was picture-perfect.



"It was great to be able to instantly print pictures, keepsakes for our relatives, it made the party so much fun!"

The Canon CP-300 Direct Photo Printer is so portable you can take it anywhere. Printing without connecting to a PC made this family gathering an instant hit.



When you need top quality pictures with the convenience of portability and the flexibility for capturing photos, the Canon CP-300 Photo Printer is ready to go.

When you spend a lot of time doing business on the road, you'd think smarter and perform faster. Of course, sometimes need a little help from digital technology, as sales representative Mike Ganson can attest. On a recent business trip, Mike was at the airport, realized he needed a connection to his business proposal. Mike going straight to the client meeting from the airport, but his Canon (70) MP Printer allowed him to re-print the proposal right there, without worry. He scoffed when the client commented on the professional quality of the document.

But what really clinched the deal was when Mike used his PowerShot SD110 Digital ELPH camera to take a picture of the product prototype he'd unveiled. He used Canon's Direct Print Technology to print the photos right from his (70) printer and gave it to the client. The client was so impressed, they awarded Mike with the project.

On his way home, Mike again used the (70) to print his meeting report. His boss was shocked when Mike had the report waiting for him when he arrived the next morning.

Thanks to Canon Digital Photography, Mike's job was made easy (professional).

"I need to provide my clients and my boss with instant, high-quality results, even when I'm on the road."



"A personalized wedding just means so much more to everyone. It comes from the heart and everyone gets to enjoy the day!"

The Canon digital printer produces beautiful 4" x 6" photos quickly and easily so you can get your memories in the real time when they are most fresh.

Like many Canadian couples, Cindy and Daryl Buzin wanted a wedding that was special, intimate and personal too. Cindy's aunt of honor, Gretchen, helped her come up with a number of great ideas that would give the wedding a distinctly personal touch. They used Gretchen's PowerShot A70 digital camera and her Canon 1860 printer to create customized invitations, seating cards, menus and unique name labels that featured photos of the bride and groom-to-be.

Considering how much stress some couples go through, Cindy was amazed at how simple it was to shoot, select the best shots, edit and print the materials they needed.

Gretchen also had the great idea of taking pictures of the guests as they arrived at the reception. Thanks to Canon's Direct Print Technology, she was able to instantly print the photos on her 1860 printer, without her PC, and then display them for everyone to enjoy. Afterwards, the photos were a special keepsake for Cindy and Daryl of all who attended their big day!

Thanks to Canon Digital Photography, Cindy and Daryl's special day turned out to be the perfect memory!



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"It was refreshing to see a feature focusing on the good things that are happening in Canadian schools. Thanks for showcasing the positive." —KAREN DEWOLF, Regina, Sask.

#### Learning new ways

Thank you for reporting on some of the fabulous programs that are finally being accepted into the educational mainstream ("The ABCs of classroom fun," Cover, Sept. 22). As a parent of a child who had great difficulty being understood in the rigid teachings of the "back-to-basics" curriculum, I felt helpless as they tried to tell me that my six-year-old needed a behavioral modification drug because he wasn't fitting in. Feeling that I had nowhere else to turn, I home-schooled him for a year in order to build the self-esteem of this bright little boy and had better done that should he be gifted in some areas but unable to express himself in writing. Riley went back into the school system last year, into a pilot program called SACIS (Scholastic, Arts and Global Education), and is now recognizing his potential, getting good grades and developing a love of education.

David Shumchuk, Ancaster, Ont.

It was significant that "The ABCs of classroom fun" featured an education and computer education. Both enable students to engage in authentic learning. They combine head and hands in ways that make sense to students, becoming catalysts to keep them in school. Unfortunately, those subjects, along with others including physical education, design and technology, and home economics, flourish best when special funds are available. At other times they are given less prominence or even cut from the curriculum. And we wonder why the dropout rate, especially for boys, remains so abysmally high.

John Gieseler, Riverdale, Ont.

The debate over technology in the classroom has been settled at the Stadio Program at Central Technical School in Toronto. Thanks to visionary leadership, we were able to install a modest, but unique, digital radio facility in the school. The result in this inner-city technical school, young people who don't enjoy many advantages in life have consistently created original music that has been hailed as the best of its kind



in the country. Without that modest investment, all of this love in and the wonderful message that these young people speak would be lost.

Steve Lashbrook, Head of Performing Arts, Central Technical School, Toronto

#### Lunch bag letdowns

"Lunchroom brilliance" (Cover, Sept. 22) astonished me. When I was a child, it was a given that one parent would be at home at 3:30 p.m. so provide love, guidance and

lunch. Children who had to "lunch bag" were in the minority and their parents were often considered to be shirking their basic duties. Yet your writer refers to "today's kids" packed by the hundreds into school gymnasiums for lunch and philosophers "about what makes a caring environment." A caring environment is the fundamental responsibility of parents, not schools or governments.

Richard Lambert, Victoria

When I panicked my eight-year-old daughter about why most after lunch scenarios home each day unfolded, she described the situation in her school: no room to eat, dirty floors to sit on and not enough time to consume even the small portions we were serving. I stopped in one day during a Friday pizza lunch. The article "Lunchroom bedlam" described the situation out to a T. Would it not so much to have these children sit at lunch at their desks, instead of on the gym floor? I'm sure parent volunteers could supervise, because we sure wouldn't want the children to lose the hour in the staff room complaining about the poor pay and conditions in the job that they chose as a career.

T. Lindsey, Calgary

#### Liberia's tragedy

Alexandre Trudeau's descriptions of the civil war in Liberia as a simply rioting about the war-torn countryside are compelling and scarcely imaginable to me as my comfortable Western life ("Young and very deadly," Liberia, Sept. 22). Sadly, knowing more, I now fear more. The future is bleak in any region heavily populated by young people who know rioting but war.

Jayne Bernard, Calgary

What does it say about society when we will provide teenagers ready access to guns, but not in the necessities of life? Maybe the international community can limit the violence in Liberia if it asks the boys to trade in their guns for food and for the tools to grow their own food and restore their society.

Salvina Allen, Ottawa

Letter writer Olessa McGallikari's statement about Alexandre Trudeau, that exposing himself to the dangers in Liberia was not "worth it," struck a nerve ("Counting our blessings," The Mail, Sept. 22). I have worked as an international relief worker in a couple



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of *insensate* in conflict and it rained over the past three years. Yes, on the surface it defies logic to enter a conflict now, but it has been worth far more than words can explain. If it were not for people like Trudeau, how would these armies reach the outside world? How would all the civilian victims caught in the middle of these conflicts be given a voice? Without the public's attention being drawn to these tragedies, there would be no outrage, no justice for the victims and no hope for a peaceful resolution. I salute this man's courage and determination to bring this war to the world.

ALLAN ARYAN, *Editor*

The Habs' golden age

Having lived in Montreal during the heyday of the Montreal Canadiens, I found that Ken Dryden's reflections stirred many memories for me ("The new game," *Sacred*, Sept. 22). One unique experience for a fewish Montrealer following the Canadiens was to sit through Passover Seders around Stanley Cup playoff time with a television close by so we could watch the Canadiens while we were busy talking the story of the Jews leaving Egypt.

Erin C. Carlsson, Winnipeg

Born Dryden was a holistic Canadian man. Well-read, well-spoken, he thinks and feels deeply about many issues made and outside hockey. We are blessed that he has now chosen to lean on the pen instead of the stick. *Bob Griffin, Kelowna, Ont.*

**Art attack**  
Machado notes the passing of Hitler sympathizer Loni Heikensahl, calling her propaganda film "art" (*Passages*, *The Week*, Sept. 22). I think it's important to recognize that

my heart

identifichino una strategia, ma

Out of response

The interview with Yukon Premier Dennis Fentie ("Yukon as a brand" Q&A, Sept. 15) says that Fentie "decided to capitalise on the growing unpopularity of the ruling NDP and defected to the neo-



Ken Dwyer prompts memories of bygone glory days and praise for his talents as a writer.

development: Yukon Party in May 2002." In fact, the NDP was the official opposition at the time Ferrie moved to the Yukon Party. *Royal McClellan, Deputy Clerk, Yukon Legislative Assembly, Whitehorse.*

### Faith-based response

My heart is torn from breathing these last few weeks as I have watched Christians being targeted in the letters section as closed-minded hate-mongers. That is not who we are. Unfortunately, there is always a remnant of radicals who take things to this ugly extreme, and the media seem to always give great attention to them. The stance of our belief in the Bible, and it clearly states that homosexuality is a sin, just as having your brother as a sin. Sinners (including ourselves) need our churches every week. We don't hate the sinners, and if we did, our churches would be empty. I am disturbed at this.

sponsor of those who are misleading faithful Christians for having the fortune to meet up for what their faith requires of them.

Jeffrey A. Robinson, *Evangelical Out-*

rolling

"conservative Christians" fear that the survival of Christianity, of Canada and human society, is threatened by impending Liberal legislation (The Mail, Sept. 22). Christians are not fearful people and there are not 18 Ottawa trees

to get government to do something, they are in the trenches putting their faith into action. I know scores of Christians who have given up a life of comfort because they are passionate about helping people in need. Many of the voices being heard in opposition to same-sex marriage are from thoughtful, educated people who know from history that not everything that looks like progress truly is a step forward.

Don Garry, executive VP

I was disturbed to see a number of letters to the editor that seem to lump all churches together in opposing same-sex marriage. My own church, the United Church of Canada, has been pushing for legal recognition of same-sex marriage for several years. We see this as a way of following Jesus's instructions to love one another and to a good judgment one another.

Prof. Dr. Gert von Krosigk, Hiltmannstr. 1, 10117 Berlin

Best Newman, in his letter to the editor (*The Mail*, Sept. 22), expresses his pleasure at findings that it is basically older, less-educated and poorer people who disapprove of gay marriages. That is good, he says, because "it's nice to know that closed-minded people are a dying breed." His attitude is truly reflective of younger, better educated and more successful Canadians, then intolerance and prejudice are also and well in Canada.

Harry Markowitz, Berkeley, CA



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CHASE KICKMAN HOFFMAN WISE  
**RUNAWAY JURY**  
ONLY IN THEATRES OCTOBER 17

[illegible]Hilton  
Canada

the Commission for the Environment and the Commission for the Economy.

"Every time I go through the archives, I discover new treasures and am impressed with the few writers we've always attracted," Benedict says. "Who would have thought that we'd have a piece by Marcel Schwob about an amateur hockey team?"

The latest in a series of seven collections from Maclean's archives edited by Benedict, *The Thrill of Victory* contains 47 articles chronicling three-quarters of a century of sports writing. It features stories by some of Canada's finest writers, past and present: Fred Rayne, Harry Bruce, Jim Coleman, Hal Quinn, and current Maclean's staffers, Executive Editor Bob Levin, Vancouver bureau chief Ken MacQueen and assistant managing editor James Doucet.

The presence of newists like Richter and Jack Ludwig is proof that Maclean's has always sought a wider perspective to its sports pages, says Benedict. "One important constant over the years has been providing readers with stories and viewpoints they can't find elsewhere."

The survey of Canadian sports history highlights many heroic achievements but also the darker side of Canada's sporting past. One example is "The King of Speed," which describes sprinter Ben Johnson's record-setting performance at the Olympics. The story was written and published hours before Johnson tested positive for banned substances.

But whether heroic or otherwise, Benedict says that assembling the volume was a labour of love. "Compiling this collection was pure pleasure."

The *Third of Victory* will be available at [www.macleans.ca](http://www.macleans.ca) and in bookstores in early October.

For further information about this article, contact: [behindthescenes@maclean.ca](mailto:behindthescenes@maclean.ca)

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## A photograph of a woman and a young child. The woman is wearing a purple headscarf and a black headband with yellow and white patterns. She is looking down at the child. The child is wearing a white headscarf with a red and white patterned band and a white shirt. The child is looking up at the woman.

♥ **Education police:** View to tail the city's 10 worst traffic offenders, following them to and from work if necessary, and ticket them off the roads. Noble goal—perhaps. But who will they tick off next?

▲ **Bobby Hull**  
Agreeing hockey left  
takers over (Flashback)  
marlbound 1994, and  
vows to see a green  
team for 2004-05  
season, it time for  
possible NHL strike  
No truth to rumour  
that all will play  
on outdoor rinks

▲ **Explosion**  
Aurora borealis spacecraft  
runs out of gas after  
14-year mission  
and makes dramatic  
suicide plunge into  
gigantic Jupiter.  
Scientists toast the  
vessel for its eye-  
opening pictures.  
Most Canadians see  
it as a replay of the  
Shenka Caper-Paul  
Mantz contest.

▼ **Convulsive stimulators** Face Person built musing by calling danger and limiting off duty gray to two floppies a day while British and American customs can drink their beers off. Duck-shaped helicopters, lanky cabs, and some fairly enough boxer to drawn an art. There really is no life like it

W Russian buyers hoist Hungarians now top chicken-maker Danmø's annual global sales survey, snagging an average 183 birds a year. Brooding Russians follow at 150, but only 55 per cent say they actually raise it.

A roar of approval echoed through a noisy courtroom in Nigeria—and around the world—when a judicial panel acquitted 31-year-old Amara Loewi, convicted of having sex out of wedlock and sentenced to death by stoning. Loewi's case was an international cause célèbre. The ruling can also be seen as a quiet victory

Converted in March 2002 after she gave birth two years after divorce, Laila was raised for procedural reasons, and because the court said she was not taught in the act.

Lovoi and her daughter, Vasilisa, awaiting judgment

**Quote of the week** | "You are not armed and dangerous. You do not shoot each other. I always feel a bit more human when I come here." Hollywood actor **MARTIN SHEEN**, who plays U.S. president Joe Bartlet on *The West Wing*, in Canada to accept an award for being a Christian role model





## World

**FU SEASON** Disease experts are predicting a particularly virulent run of flu this fall as the strain that killed thousands in Australia and New Zealand migrates to the northern hemisphere. U.S. authorities recommended full-scale, Canada-style vaccinations, while Alberta added a new, generic brand and flu cure that is a favorite of some NHL teams.

**WOW** U.S. President George W. Bush defended his handling of post-war Iraq at the UN, but was still unable to win over old allies like France, Canada and even the UN itself. Most want a smoother transition to civilian rule. The jousting came amid a spate of bombings in Baghdad, the arrests of two U.S. military personnel for spying at the Guantanamo Bay detention center, and an opinion poll showed Bush trailing the newest Democratic presidential contender, retired general Wesley Clark.

In a first for the Arab world, Iraq's U.S.-appointed council opened the energy economy, gave its oil sector, to foreign investors, and banned the al-Jazeera news agency.

**BREAKING UP** The largest ice shelf in the Arctic, a solid for two, for almost 3,000 years, has broken in two. Canadian and U.S. scientists reported, too large to be a danger to oil rigs in the Canadian Sea, were washed ashore. In freshwater lake trap the shelf, born to a unique group of organisms, drained into the ocean. With warming temperatures, one scientist said, "this northern ice cap could melt within 70 years."

**WII** The suspected mastermind of the Sept. 11 attacks on the U.S., captured al-Qaeda planner Khalid Sheikh Mohammed, told U.S. interrogators that the group had been plotting the attack since 1996, and that the original plan was to back five jets on each coast and follow this up with attacks in Asia.

**CHAT ROOMS** Calling them a breeding ground for pedophiles, angry Microsoft will shut down its popular Internet chat rooms in Britain and will offer monitored, subscription-based versions in Canada and



the United States. Police and parental groups balked the decision while others and other users, who must not be in danger everything from rap to birding, called it a money grab.

**OL** Surprising world markets, the OPEC oil cartel cut production by 3.5 per cent, apparently in anticipation of Iraqi oil coming on-stream. The move sent world oil prices skyrocketing again.

In other indicators, the U.S. dollar fell sharply against most currencies after G7 finance ministers issued an unusual call for more flexibility in exchange rates. The Canadian dollar rose only modestly with the news because the inflation rate fell for the sixth straight month.

**UPDATE** Stockholm police released the 35-year-old driver initially suspected of murdering foreign minister Anna Lindh in a department store, and named in one second name with a history of psychiatric problems.

**SHEEP** Australia struck a deal to offload more than 30,000 starved sheep on Iraq, intended to resolve a "ship of death" scandal.

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**ROGERS**

## UPFRONT

that was threatening the country's lucrative livestock business. The sheep had been on a sweltering freighter in the Persian Gulf for almost two months after the original buyers, Saudi Arabia, refused the consignment. About 6,000 dead and animal rights activists were blockading Australian ports to prevent further shipments.

### Canada

**DISRUPTED** Saudi Arabia rejected outright Canada's request for an inquiry into the treatment of William Sampson, the B.C. man who said he was tortured while being held in a Saudi jail, accused of murder. Sampson and five British co-accused were released by royal pardon in August and are free to pursue their own claims. Saudi officials said.

In a similar vein, Iran told the Montreal-based *photojournalist* Zahra Katana, who was beaten to death by a Tehran prison, that he will have to apply to a *special court* if the woman his mother's body returned to Canada. Iran has now charged an intelligence officer with her murder.

**TERROR PROBE** Ottawa's case against 20 Palestinian and Indian, all initially suspected of being part of an al-Qaeda sleeper cell, appears to be unraveling. Security charges were dropped against most suspects, including the *murder plot* who was allegedly scoping the Pickering nuclear plant in Ontario. The case has applied for political asylum.

BY DAN MURPHY



### WHAT NOT TO DO IN PERU

You'll get "Thank you, thank you" if the rest of a concert in Lima, as *Canadian rock* dies. *Arctic Monkeys* (etc.) did to conclude a otherwise unimpressive performance. *Repeating phrases* in order, while light of the effort, but it was too late. In fact, it was noted, it was the first time a *concert* (international pop star) set foot in Lima. *Monks* (etc.) told reporters later she didn't remember what she said, but she might have been drunk at the time.

**POLITICS** Though she was a mere 16 percent of delegates, a very distant second to Paul Martin, Sheila Copps vowed to remain in the Liberal leadership race to the end of the year at the November convention.



Finance Minister John Manley, another leadership non-starter, lost his bid for NGU's top political job to Dutch Foreign Minister Jaap de Hoop Scheffer.

**CRIME** With chilling detail, a *robbery* Jay Handal told a B.C. judge how in March 2002 he killed his six young children—strangling two and shooting four with a rifle—before setting the family home on fire in a *passional rage* directed at his wife, Sonya. Handal also wrote three suicide notes, the court is trying to determine if he was mentally competent at the time to know what he was doing.

AQ's *brother* lost his home for five months after having a *drinking contest* on which an 18-year-old man died. The man drowned 20 showers in 15 seconds and was left unconscious on his driveway by friends.

**CITIES** Winnipeg Mayor Glen Murray wants to *defund* part of the *municipal* tax burden from property owners to *universal services*, for example by changing people who call police.

Toronto's celebrated garbage *wheel* took *strafers* for the scene when U.S. customs accused a *garbage hauler*, *broader* Michigan dump site with a *toxic* of marijuana *smashed* the debris.

### Science/Health

**PREVENTION** To popular opinion, *menopausal* loss in women is just a result of *menopause*, Chicago researchers described. But so-called *senior* moments can be a *manifestation* of stress and high blood pressure.

**AIDS** Ottawa's *hitchhiker* to push through a new law to allow *generic drug* makers to produce *generic* *pharmaceuticals* for export to poor countries, to help fight the scourge of AIDS and other emergencies. Meanwhile, *scientists* in *Nairobi* reported success in treating even *late* *blow* AIDS with *herbal* *remedies*, but said they were being *tricked* by *Western* *couriers* *based* on *costly* *drug* *costs*.

**HANGOVER DRUG** The latest craze among Hollywood party goers is a so-called *hangover* *drug* sold over the Internet by *Russian* *entrepreneurs* *and* *developed* by the *former* *KGB* so their agents could drink *swilling* *apparently* under the table.



# INTERNET SEX unzipped

**IN CYBERSPACE** anyone can lose your pants—if you want them to. And if you do, you're not alone. The burly middle-aged professional of Internet dating sites is one of this year's big online trends. Aided by marketing campaigns that target young women, singles clearing houses like Texas-based Lovelife.com, Dallas category leader Match.com, and Manhattan's Spring Street Networks (which powers the personals for on-line media like Jive, The Onion and iFogure, and is a spin-off of *News.com*) have nearly succeeded in making the personal ad of its stigma. No longer the shy, desperate realm of those who are looking for love and can't find it elsewhere, these overly friendly sites feature postings from young urban professionals all over the continent. Some view dating as an extreme sport. "I've called it a casual sex revolution," says Andrew, a 27-year-old San Francisco lawyer who's dated with the personals at several Web sites. During the past year, with conservative Colin Powell, he met 15 women and slept

**The young adults finding romance on the Web are helping to usher in a whole new casual sex revolution**

BY JONATHAN DURBIN

with most of them. "It's great if you're an attractive or even mildly attractive."

In 2003, discovering that Internet dating has gone mainstream is like realizing the tabloids obsess on J. Lo and Ben. The Online Publishers Association reports that singles sites accounted for the Internet's largest consumer spending category last year. Match boasts nine million profiles, and was ranked by the CNA report as the second most pop-

ular paid destination on-line. *Yahoo.com*, the Internet portal that offers personals of its own, was No. 1.

The top most sites still focus on the large, more lucrative pool of those who want romance, on a street level what the numbers mean is that online dating is gaining acceptance, at least among the tech-savvy younger generation that washed word processors kill the typewriter. And while there are apocalyptic stories of bunny-boiling females or undercover guys on the rebound, these sites are increasingly populated by regular, non-sleazy people who aren't looking for love—whatever their sexual preference. If commitment happens, the attitude is, "so be it," but expectations are considerably less than marriage. And the genders are coming out: men still outnumber women, but not by much.

Debate has already been raging about why women are not logging on. *Los Angeles*, *New York* magazine argued that the Internet allowed females to behave like men, and that



PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIEN ANDERSON





# TOTAL RECALL

With California's bizarre campaign in full swing, voters try to make sense of a long list of contenders. Can this show have a Hollywood ending?

BY JONATHAN GATEHOUSE

**YOU CAN FORGIVE** the little old lady standing in the Pasadena resort center for being a bit confused. A bizarre special election that has been on, then off, and is now back on again. One hundred and thirty-five candidates, including a former child star, a beauty buster, a porno wrestler and a falling mannequin did to choose from. A wacky campaign that has one side decrying a governor's gross incompetence, and the other screaming coup d'état. Either way, Berkeley squirts from beneath the bonnet of her bright red hair hat, and prods for the answer to the question confronting all Californians: "I think the one that's there now should go," she says, finally. "Because of that thing he said about men and women." Just short of her 84th birthday, Berkeley, a golden-haired beauty consultant with 50 years' experience (specializing in vegetable organic non-toxic cold-wave scalp treatment and general hair work, says her academy) is not big on specifics. "I like that young man. Not the fat one, the

other one." Click up a vote for Arnold Schwarzenegger? Maybe. Name recognition isn't what it used to be.

With one week to go before the Oct. 7 referendum on turning Democratic Gov. Gray Davis from office and handing power to one of the many pretenders to his throne, it seems the state's 38 million other residents are no less bemused by the choice at hand. Polls show a small but shrinking majority support the recall, while the muscle-bound action-star-turned Republican, and Cruz Bustamante, the retired Democratic lieutenant governor, are stable enough to stable each should the job open up (there are two parts to the ballot: the actual recall vote, and who should replace Davis). Tom McClintock, a far-right Republican, is charging up

from behind. And like the producers of a Hollywood movie that is failing with rare audience, the various camps are scrambling to write an ending the public will buy into.

From the outside, it's hard to believe that anyone would want to take up the challenge. Davis, 50, re-elected to a second term in 2002, has become the lightning rod for everything from soaring energy costs (the by-product of his predecessor's decision to deregulate power) to rising and crumbling schools. In a place that was hit particularly hard by the dot-com collapse, he is winning much of the blame for the continued struggles of California's economy—the world's sixth largest. The state is facing a deficit that estimates have pegged as high as US\$18 billion. Taxes don't come much more than this.

When the campaign started on Aug. 7, and the ranks of gubernatorial hopefuls began to swell, the conventional wisdom was that in such a corner, the bigger and better-known clown was bound to triumph. But a frenzy



With his dyed hair and eyebrows, Schwarzenegger delivers his lines in convincing southern tones. The Austrian-born action star, who has raised more than \$550 million for his campaign, knows how to play up his strengths where he's most comfortable—in front of the camera.

thing has happened on the way to the striped tent. In a country where politics has been dominated by two parties, more names on the ballot has translated into more ideas and real debate. Democracy in America might be more robust than the talk-radio fantasy, but heated parties and backroom strategies had died to imagine

**ON THE BRIGHT SIDE**, perhaps a wee quiet hour for Joe Lieberman to catch up on his reading or clean out his wallet. Trapped in a bedroom in a suburban office plaza south of Los Angeles, the man who came within a few hair's-breadths of the second most powerful job in the world, and candidate for the 2004 Democratic presidential nomination, waits. The event, a press conference with a firefighters' union endorsing the governor, is the only thing on Davis's schedule for the day. "Maybe he's a bit nervous on the way over here and they're having a hard time getting the hangover," says

a wag from a local TV station. When Davis arrives, more than an hour late, he stands for a photo-op with a group of 70 thousand-year-old firemen, dressed in the kind of improbably isolated suit that can't be purchased for less than the equivalent of a monthly mortgage payment—in Beverly Hills.

Lieberman's brief remarks are a nice case study of passive position and wit. "I want to thank you for your support in 2000. It was so crucial. Without it, Al Gore and I might have lost the election." He makes a link between the prolonged court battle for the presidency and what's happening in California. It's time for Democrats and Republicans to back away from late-in-the-night tactics.

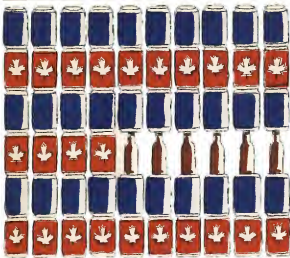
Davis's speech is more stilted, and tinged with bitterness. "If we're going to have a recall, let's recall the 47 other governors who have gone from surplus to deficit this year," he says. "Let's recall President Bush, who has a US\$445-billion deficit." Davis makes a plea for stability—senators will avoid Cal-

ifornia. It's the land of deep-sea arguments traditionally moved by politicians who know they are about to get their docks cleaned.

Outside, a small group of workers from an neighboring business hold up a banner that reads, "Recall: the very gray Davis is." Most of them are particularly roused by a proposed tripling in vehicle registration fees aimed at helping balance the budget. They blame the governor, he blames the legislature. "Anyone is better than Davis is," says Anne Amodeo, Johnson (Howell), her co-worker, says she's rooting for Schwarzenegger. "He's a businessman. He's got things done. He's not influenced by special interests." If none of the hot-button errors in the recall debate, Schwarzenegger, 56, seems to decry political donations from unions and estate-rich Norwalk. "The American born actor has received more than US\$10 million for his campaign so far, surely outspending his rivals. Howell says he doesn't consider Hollywood to be one of those







# THE NEW HIP HOPS

Thirsty twentysomethings are shaking up the beer biz, writes BRIAN BERGMAN

ONE OF THE FEW perks I could find in my days as an editor at the University of Alberta's student newspaper in the late 1990s had to do, guess, with beer. After a personal handshake at Edmonton's Molson Blues, I, along with every other thirsty scribbler, was sent packing with a complimentary chilled one of Canada's 1,001 beer babies in my fellow staffers at the Gateway where we made quick work of it. For most of us, Canadian

was the beer of choice—only because there was so little choice out there.

Ah, how times change. Today's young garden—a crucial demographic for all beer companies—are more fortunate, and fickle, lot. They're sampling from shelves in beer and liquor stores brimming with import selections as well as so-called Canadian "craft" beer lines including regional brews, and from pub-to-pub offerings of imports

different beers, foreign and domestic, on tap. "There's now a generation that's grown up with more exotic beers," says Stephen Beaumont, author of *The Great Canadian Beer Guide*. "Brand loyalty is not what it used to be. And I don't think the major brewers have yet grasped how significant that is."

To test this theory, I contacted the Gate's current editor in chief, Chris Buxton.

Sure enough, he reports that the office fridge—that repository of desirable nibbles—is filled with 11 different selections from Calgary's Big Back Brewery, an Edmonton micro-brew called Alley Kat and a Quebec brand, *Le fer à cheval* (The End of the World), which, at nine per cent alcohol content, appeals to those who believe a beer with a little more buzz is a good idea. Not a Canada one or Labatt Blue in sight. "I haven't drunk those since high school," chuckles Buxton, 26. "Once I discovered there was a wide variety of beer that was far better, I just left them behind."

In this, Buxton and his boozing buddies are following the example of their older Roomies (use for years been drifting away from the steady blues. It's 48, and it's probably been two decades since I bought a case of Canadian, my old favourite. As with many others, I suspect, my preferences have been skewed by choice, both in Canada and abroad. A backpacking trip at 19 in introduced me to English bitters and European pilsners. When work took me to Toronto, I forced myself sampling, then regularly in libbing, regional favourites such as Sleeman and Cicerone. After moving on to Halifax, I'd added Maritime staples such as Moosehead and assorted crafty picks at the Gray's Ermercy. Since returning to Alberta in 1998, I've become fond of the Big Back brews and the increasingly affordable imports available at the province's de-regulated liquor stores.

Buxton and I, and all the others like us, are bad news for Canada's beer giants. Imports now make up nearly 10 per cent of domestic beer consumption here, double their market share in 1996. Craft brewers account for another three per cent—small but significant sector considering a barely existed two decades ago. To be sure, Molson has lost and Labatt's sales of Canada have little reason yet to cry in their sleep. Together, they command about 87 per cent of the Canadian market, with Molson given a slight edge in overall sales. But industry analysts say those numbers mask a much steeper slippage in domestic sales of such flagship brands as Canadian and Blue. Now, both companies increasingly rely on part-time reps who visit bars and restaurants for various import brands. So when you crack a Canadian or a Bluebird these days, you're actually booting Molson's market share. Cheers for Labatt if your taste

lean toward Roadwiser or Due Sigos.

Of the two, Molson is considered to be in the tighter spot. Labatt's foreign portfolio includes brands like the much hyped Stella Artois, produced by Interbrew SA, the Belgium-based company that purchased Labatt in 1995. As a result, a greater percentage of the profits stay in the corporate family. In an attempt to realize similar profits, Molson recently spent more than \$1 billion buying breweries in Brazil, and is heavily promoting its first Brazilian

son who that up at the patriotic celebrations (the 150th Canadian national anniversary) transfused young adults enjoying the heck out of their beer—and each other. All of which begs the question: why not just cough up a better-tasting beer?

It may not be that simple. Beaumont, who must surely have the best job in Canada, sampled over 800 different brands of beer for his latest guidebook. The ones he rated highest have a distinctive flavour that sets them apart from the pack. Not as with the flagship brands. While Labatt and Molson been anatomically sound, says Beaumont, "those companies make their money the same way as Coke and McDonald's—by making something that is the least offensive, rather than the best-tasting."

Or put it another way: millions of people like their Blue and Canadian just the way they are. You men with them at your park. (Remember the "see Cole" flaws?)

Then again, taste and loyalty may not be the deciding factors. Beer drinkers, it turns out, can be a superficial—and off-onesome—lot, easily seduced by a brew that comes in a green bottle or is served with a rust of foam. "It's all about image," says Michael Palmer, a beer analyst with Toronto-based Venus Investment Research. "And it's no longer cool to drink Canadian or Blue." Indeed, he says, such brands are often viewed by young drinkers as "your father's beer" (jazzily). Beaumont agrees that, with the possible exception of the automobile, beer is the most image-driven product around. And consumers, he finds, are becoming increasingly specific in their drinking habits. "Those who drink it perfectly reasonable to have a Blue or Canadian at the ball game, wouldn't think of pulling out that same beer when welcoming guests to a cocktail party."

So are the big boys doomed? Hardly. Analysts expect Molson and Labatt to expand the range of import beers they sell in Canada while building up export sales of their own brands. Already, Blue is the third top-selling import beer in the United States, where it stands up well against such money-hungry importers as Budweiser, though, the tide has turned for brands that once dominated the evolution of all others. "I don't think anyone who has tried what's out there is likely to go back to drinking Canadian or Blue at the time," says Beaumont. Two generations of Gateway staffers will raise a glass to that.



**'THERE'S a new generation that's grown up with more exotic beers. Brand loyalty is not what it used to be.'**

on label, a Marco Basso, in Canada. But in the short run, at least, the Brazilian flop has proven costly, halving contributions to a 46 per cent drop in Molson's net earnings in the most recent fiscal quarter. Meanwhile, backhous domestic sales fell to a record low in August, with former Procter & Gamble executive Lisa Hirt brought in as Molson's head of marketing and sales for Ontario and Western Canada. New marketing vice-presidents were also appointed to major Ontario-West beer divisions, including the one charged with flagging Canadian.

The big brewers have tried to boost sales through price cuts, giveaway merchandise and, of course, an endless series of televi-

For purely professional purposes, Beaumont sampled 800 different brews



## DON'T WEEP FOR BONDS

The end of the great bond bull market is a sign of global recovery

**THE GREAT** bond bull market is over. From September 1981 to June 2001, the industrial world experienced a major bull market in bonds, driven by the collapse in long U.S. treasury bond yields from 13.75 per cent to 4.5 per cent. (When yields go down, bond prices go up.) In its end, however, it was the golden age for bond investors. Yes, there were brief bearish moments within that long period of decline in interest rates, notably 1987 and 1994. But they were temporary unpleasantnesses—the financial equivalent of rade belts in a church—

saving merely to discomfort the participants, but not to alter the process.

What was at work those past two decades was sustained disinflation. Although bond markets react to short-term influences, such as central bank moves, their basic price trend is driven by changes in inflation. Period.

For example, interest rates plunged during the Reagan era, despite huge fiscal deficits and an economic boom. But because that administration's policies on deregulation, tax-cutting, slashing non-defense spending and keeping the gummy Paul Volcker as Fed chairman were fundamentally disinflationary, interest rates declined sharply and bonds boomed.

But, whether of the bonfire or bounce variety, are destined to the eventually. What made this bull nearly unique in financial markets was his ability to prosper in the world's uplands of the market: whether the economy was weak or strong. He would rest for a while when the Fed was tightening, but just to regain his strength.

The final gullion came this spring amid the most widespread talk of deflation risk since the Depression. With Japan and China in outright deflation, Federal Reserve Board chairman Alan Greenspan issued aloud a warning about that threat to the U.S. Result: investors rushed to bonds, with special emphasis on those issued by the industrial nations running the worst fiscal deficits. This year Japanese government bond yields plunged to a subzero negative 0.41 per cent as time when their 10-year U.S. counterparts were touching a 40-year low of 3.15 per cent.

Since then, bonds have been beaten up so badly that some observers are predicting

the death of the Bull and the Birth of the Bear. YGB yields have tripled, and U.S. 10-year yields are up by nearly one-third. For holders of long-term bonds, perhaps the best interpretation of the summer bond sell-off is that the bull became a bear. (Steady ascension is a painful and undignified experience for bulls of all kinds.) That means we have seen (or are now seeing) the bottom for home mortgage rates—certainly in the U.S. and, with lags, across the rest of the industrial world. It explains why most bond mutual funds have been disappointing investments this year.

So what makes that run-up in bond yields the sign of the end of an era?

First, the evidence grows weekly that a globally synchronized economic recovery has begun. If so, it will take years to unfold

Crash that few observers saw these increases as anything but "dead cat boomerangs." (Triple Whinifalls, which are mentioned frequently in this space, are long-term collapses of some kind of financial asset; the process takes more than a decade, is irregularly brief "rucker" minutes in which emotional investors believe the good times are going to return. Nothing is currently undergoing such a dissection.) Having completed their crash, commodities are, I believe, in a new bull market.

Commodities, which are classic inflation hedges, trade in opposite fashion to bonds. If the bond bull is actually dead, even a Commodity bull must have already been born, even if this birth has not been certified by the high prices of commodities.

The onset of a long-term bond bear market does not mean interest rates are head-on-higher soon. Global liquidity has been growing so strongly that there is lots of money to buy bonds and mortgages. As for U.S. treasury bonds, the central banks of Japan, China and Korea have been buying billions of dollars' worth per week to hold down their currencies' values in the exchange markets. That strategic buying drives down bond yields. For now.

Nevertheless, if by next spring the Japanese and Korean economic recoveries are well accelerating, and Europe has joined them, and commodity prices are

well rising, then interest rates will move to higher places than is a prelude to moving to much higher levels. People who did not refinance their long-term borrowing will look back on this summer with anger at themselves. Conversely, people with money to invest in bonds will be experiencing the novel pleasure of being offered attractive interest rates on their savings.

And the bond bull's demise will be proclaimed at last by financial pathologists. ■

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# sportsnet

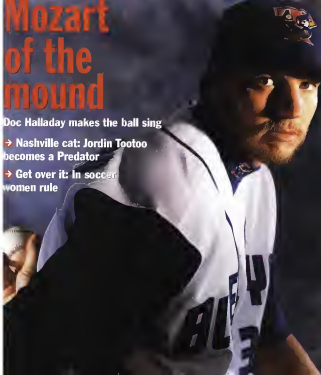
October 9, 2002

## Mozart of the mound

Doc Halladay makes the ball sing

→ Nashville cat: Jordin Tootoo becomes a Predator

→ Get over it: In soccer women rule





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Editor's Note  
**SCOTT MORRISON**

## Beneath the athlete's uniform beats the heart of an average joe

In the inflated world of professional sports, we get so focused on wealth and wins that we sometimes forget that, beneath the uniform, beats the heart of an average joe. Though usually rich and successful, athletes, too, often have to overcome adversity to make it to The Show. Scott is the case with two young athletes from and in this edition of *Sportsworld Magazine*.

Today, Blue Jays ace Roy Halladay, 25, is arguably the best pitcher in the American League

and a potential Cy Young Award winner. Not too long ago, the very same Doc Hellebuyck had been demoted to Class A Duquenois and was trying to rebuild his game. With the help of a pitching coach and a shrink, as writer Marty York tells us, Doc put the pieces back together. Jordan Tueloo of Rankin High could become the first-ever Irish to make it to the National Hockey League, if the 20-year-old sticks with the Nashville Predators. Not bad for a kid who grew

up 3,000 km. north of Winnipeg and, as senior writer Scott Burnside tells us, had to deal with the culture shock of moving away from home when he was 14, then the suicide of his older brother, Terrence, himself a hockey player.

Also in this issue, veteran hockey writer Tim Whelan says a visit to Earl Amhurst, N.Y., a suburb of Buffalo either was given to Mr. Bowman's neighbourhood. It is, of course, to Scotty Bowman, and

the story gives us a new glimpse into life away from the rink for the winningest coach in NHL history.

In the end, all three are good stories we don't see often enough as the distance between athletes and fans continues to broaden.

This is the third edition of *Sportsworld Magazine*. Before this year is over, there will be a fourth. Our goal is to offer perspective, stirring opinion and good stories. Let us know if we've succeeded.

## CONTENTS

*Sportsworld Magazine*  
October 6, 2002

### FEATURES

#### Mozart of the mound

Roy Halladay has worked hard to make himself a baseball musician with a baseball.  
By Marty York

54

### Get over it

Canada's women's national soccer team has earned a national reputation for the World Cup.  
By Ryan Johnston

56

### Nashville cat

Jordan Tueloo calls himself a little Edward from Nashville. He won't be for long.  
By Scott Burnside

610

### Mr. Bowman's neighbourhood

It's time to follow Scotty Bowman wherever he goes.  
By Tim Whelan

612

### GAME OVER

Canadian Football League players speak a language we can all appreciate.  
By Mike Toib

624

**COVER:**  
Roy Halladay

### DOWN BUT NOT OUT

Keith Bowin battles back to the top of the list in the battle of the boys.  
By Scott Burnside

626



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ROGERS

# Mozart of the mound

*With a little help and a lot of heart, Roy Halladay has learned to make beautiful music with a baseball.*

By Marty York

**G**ard Ash was vacationing in Florida during the spring of 2002 when, by sheer coincidence, he bumped into Roy Halladay.

Only a year earlier, when Ash was still the general manager of the Toronto Blue Jays, he dismissed Halladay, all the way down to the lowest rung of the baseball ladder — Class A Dunedin. It was a harsh blow to the eye of the Jays' first-round draft choice in 1995.

"When I met with him in spring training of 2001, I basically told him that he needed to go back to square one and rebuild his pitching mechanics," Ash recalls from his office in Milwaukee, where he serves as the Brewers' assistant general manager. "He was stunned. It wasn't a pleasant day. So I finally went away when I expected him to be in on his vacation."

Halladay was no longer stunned. "He was appreciative," Ash says. "He shook my hand, and he thanked me for sticking with him."

Which, in retrospect, is prob-

ably the way it ought to be. Before he was fired as GM in October 2001, Ash inevitably made one of the sharper moves in the Jays' history by releasing Halladay.

**“**  
**He shook my hand,**  
**and he thanked me**  
**for sticking with him.**  
**”**

Halladay has now become one of the top starting pitchers in the major leagues. After making the American League all-star team this season, he has emerged as a strong candidate to win the Cy Young Award.

"It's been an incredible turnaround for the guy," says Jason Gruber, the New York Yankees'

slugger. "He's gone from a guy without confidence to an intimidating stuff. He can single-handedly beat you."

Halladay largely credits two men for his revival — a former pitching coach and a shrink.

The ex-pitching coach is Neil Queen, who persuaded Halladay during his minor-league detour to completely rework his mechanics. The shrink is Dr. Harvey Dorfman, a 68-year-old sports psychologist, who co-authored the book *The Mental Game of Baseball: A Guide to Peak Performance*. Dorfman has worked with major league pitchers such as the Atlanta Braves' Greg Maddux, the Los Angeles Dodgers' Kenta Boreas, the Seattle Mariners' Jamie Moyer and the New York Mets' Al Lerner, all of whom had experienced serious performance problems.

"Harvey's turned out to be very helpful for me," says Halladay, affectionately known as Doc. "I haven't talked much about his help, but he's very important for me. He's a good friend, a guy who's helped me a

lot with my confidence and my mental approach. Whenever I need to get my head cleared, he's there for me."

Dorfman is employed by super-agent Scott Boras for the purposes of working with Boras's clients. Halladay, however, has different representations — Boras's arch rivals, Allen and Randy Hendricks.

A close friend of Jays manager Carlos Tosca, Dorfman was summoned to Toronto early in the 2002 season to work with outfielder Felipe Lopez. Lopez, who has since been traded to Cincinnati, was trying to work his way into the Jays' lineup.

"I was out the field with Lopez," says Dorfman from his North Carolina home, "when Roy came up to me and told me he was reading my book. He said his wife had just bought it for him as a present. Well, he wouldn't let me go. He was like a sponge. And we just hit it off."

Halladay asked Dorfman to counsel him. And Dorfman agreed, despite the conflict of agents. "I couldn't turn my back



## COMMAND PERFORMANCE

With former Blue Jays pitching coach Neil Queen and sport psychologist Harvey Dorfman, Roy Halladay came back from the Jays with a new outlook and renewed confidence. "If I'm ever having a down spell, there wouldn't be a shrink in the big house that wouldn't be calling to the guy," says former Jay head Jay manager Lee Pezza.

## Cheek's top five

**B**roadcasters Tim Cheek is the only human on the planet who has witnessed every at-bat of every game that the Toronto Blue Jays have played since their first season in 1977, and he believes Roy Halladay is unquestionably one of the finest pitchers in the major leagues.

Ask him to assemble his all-time Toronto pitching rotation, however, and Halladay does not yet qualify.

"His season to date has been spectacular and will no doubt culminate with 20-plus

wins and a possible Cy Young Award," Cheek says. "But if the premise is where he fits among the all-time best pitchers to wear the Blue Jays' uniform, and the criterion is his accomplishments while pitching for them, he can only be judged upon completion of his career as a Blue Jay. It would be unfair to Roy and to his predecessors to make comparisons at this stage of his career."

So who qualifies for Cheek's all-time Blue Jay list? Here they are:

1. **Steve Stone** (1979-92, 155 wins, 154 losses) Cheek: "The franchise's all-time leader in wins, strikeouts, starts, strikeouts and complete games. Still the only Blue Jay to pitch a no-hitter, after five one-hitters."
2. **Roger Clemens** (1989-94, 41 wins, 13 losses) Cheek: "Though the Rocket's tenure as a Blue Jay was brief, two Cy Young awards a few years cannot be discounted."
3. **Jim Clancy** (1977-88, 138 wins, 140 losses) Cheek: "First Blue Jay to win 100 games at

a time when the leading franchise's biggest challenge was not to lose 100 a year. They've now demolished his accomplishments."

4. **Jimmy Key** (1984-92, 139 wins, 81 losses) Cheek: "The Blue Jays' winningest left-hander and dependable big game pitcher."

5. **Paul Hentgen** (1991-99, 135 wins, 75 losses) Cheek: "A terrific athlete with the heart of a lion and a Cy Young winner."

Marty took

on him," Dorfman says. "It would be as if a good physician came to me for help. Well, what if he turned out to be Masiel?"

Dorfman now wishes Halladay was able to Halladay for no reason, no matter what took of the day or night.

"No one can stay perfect all the time," says Dorfman, "although Roy's close. I can provide 50 guys with the same information, and only five would be able to integrate it into their behavior. Roy doesn't. He's a special. He's a star."

But Queens was similar to Queens in describing Halladay. Then a special assistant to the Blue Jays' general manager, Queens was ordered by Ash to meet Halladay down on the farm in 2001 with clear-cut instructions: Bring the pitcher out of the clubhouse.

With countless hours of private tutelage, Queens helped the right-hander to refine his motion. He changed his arm angles. And, when he returned to Toronto, Halladay finished the 2002 season with a record of 18-7 and a splitting ERA of 2.85. He picked up that season right where he left off.

"It was Doc who listened and

it was Doc who was able to fix himself," says Queens, who is no longer in baseball. "I could have done the same thing with 10 guys, and none would have been able to start all over again



Halladay's 2002 20-game win streak. Roy Halladay says he'd be in the top five Jays after 2006.

the way Doc did. It's been an amazing accomplishment on his part."

Halladay says restructuring his mechanics was not very difficult once he'd changed his mental approach by working briefly with a sports psychologist in 2001.

"That psychologist helped me make adjustments in my mind," Halladay says. "After that, I actually became excited

about the idea of changing my mechanics. It was something I knew I had to do. I didn't know if it would work out. I didn't know if I could turn myself around, but I did know that, if I tried, I'd

Quite the turnaround from the 2000 season, when the 8-foot-6, 225-pounder experienced a nightmare season with the Jays, recording an ERA of 10.04—the worst and highest in big-league history for a hurler with more than 50 innings pitched as a season.

"It's nice to see a decent guy improve the way Doc has," says Yankees pitcher Roger Clemens, who played with Halladay in Toronto. "He's a nice guy with a strong arm, and he'll deserve serious change before he's done."

Actually, he already has. And he's still only 25.

"If I'm in charge of Toronto, I do whatever I can to make sure I keep Halladay for a lot of years," vows owner Lou Loria, manager of the Tropicana Bay Devil Rays. "He's the kind of guy you need on your side. If he ever became a free agent, then wouldn't it be a club in the big leagues that wouldn't be substituting for the guy?"

So far, Jays' fans don't have to worry. Halladay isn't eligible for free agency until after the 2005 season. And his preference, he says, is to re-sign with the Jays.

Marc Van der Aar is a Toronto-based baseball writer.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY M. HARRIS

## WORTH THE TIME INVESTED

# Get over it

*Canada's women's national soccer team has carried more than a nation's expectations into this year's World Cup.*

By Ryan Johnston



It is safe to characterize the Canadian sports community as patriarchal, revering male athletes and their sports.

But when the Fédération Internationale de Football Association (FIFA) Women's World Cup kicked off this year in Philadelphia on September 20, a women's program carried the expectations of a nation and stood on the verge of earning some serious international relevance.

Wink for a pair of golden goal defenses to the United States—first, in the final of the 1991 Under-19 Women's World Championship and then in the final of the 2003 Gold Cup of the Confederation of North, Central America and Caribbean Association Football—the Canadian women's national soccer team would have entered its September 20 opening match against Germany this year as an underdoged favourite. And was, Canada opened 10th spot in the 19th Women's World Rankings breaking into the tournament, the de-

fending world change from the United States to good the last.

While it is difficult to dispute the top billing assigned to the American team, some of the squads that stand between Canada and the U.S. should count their blessings.

The sixth-ranked Swedes, for example, are considered by default. The talent-rich South Americans are capable of scoring at will against lesser opponents, but they have lost three of their last four meetings against Canada. The Brazilians are aggressive, but they look disoriented when matched in style by the equally ferocious Canadians.

Third-ranked Germany also carries strong tradition of winning. The five-time European champions dominated their qualifying series, recording six victories in six matches, with a 14-1 goal differential. The



Canada's best: Alex Lang (center left), Sherry Butler (center), and Christine Sinclair (right)

Germanies best Canada 4-5 in their first match on September 20, despite the coach's warnings at advancing out of a group that includes the Canadians.

The fifth-ranked Swedish side should be matched by reality perch. Full of high expectations, the Swedish national team has often pulled up short on the world stage. While capable of punishing the have-nots, Sweden could only scratch out a 1-1 draw against Canada back in March of this year.

The Canadian team that takes the field this year against the best the world has to offer is a perfect synergy of Ian Bridgish U-19 squad and Ellen Pettersen's national team. The U-19 team opened national interest in the summer of 2002 with a remarkable run at the 19th U-19 Women's World Championship in Sweden. As Canada drew closer to the final game, newly minted fans set up and paid attention to names like Alex Lang and Christine Sinclair.

Sinclair is a dagger as a center who scored 10 goals in four matches in Sweden, including five against England. She earned the Golden Boot as top scorer and the Golden Ball as MVP of the tournament.

Lang, an attacking midfielder who broke equally in her up-front, has 10 goals in 15 games for the national team. The budding starlet is now-appearing American poster girl Mia Hamm by becoming the youngest player (15

years, 132 days) to score in a full international (Brazilian icon Pelé scored his first international goal at age 17).

At 35, Christine Sinclair occupies the other end of the age spectrum. A member since the squad's inception in 1987, Sinclair is Canadian soccer history every time she takes the field or pockets a goal.

And this talent and experience exists under an umbrella of personality, not ego. Each team member makes the importance of dawning the red sweater and feels moti-

vated by the prospect of raising Canadian soccer's profile to an unprecedented level.

The only true sports enthusiasts have toned down their media thrash as when have outside the likes of Michaela and Amelia Sinclair have attended the world's largest boys' club. That will change thanks to the Canadian women now competing for the soccer championship of the world.

Ryan Johnston is a web producer for Sportsnet.ca.

# Nashville cat

Jordin Tootoo calls himself a little Eskimo from nowhere. He won't be for long.

By Scott Burnside

Jordin Tootoo's lower extremities have been submerged in an ice bath in the Nashville Predators' training facility for about 10 excruciating minutes, when he announces that it reminds him of home.

Specifically, it reminds the Russian-Irish native of trying to hydroplane his snowmobile across expanses of open water onto a skiff of ice and then to a spit of land to collect a Canadian goose he'd shot—with his brother-in-law on the back.

"I didn't give it enough gas," Tootoo admits. "I stalled. The skis were on the ice, the back end went under."

The failed recovery last this spring deposited Tootoo—expected to be the first-ever Irish to play in the NHL—chess-deep in frigid Arctic waters.

"That was before my contract was signed," he hastens to add.

In a hallway between the weight room and ice surface of the Predators' quiet practice facility at the Centennial SportsPlex in Nashville, they flagged you on a map of the world, marked the hometown of each player beneath a banner that says, "Nashville Predators."

Tootoo pin points awkwardly from the top of the map: Nashville, friendly off the map. "Guess they'll have to get a new map," he quips before heading for the ice.

It's not often a prospect crosses the kind of haze that Tootoo

**“He is such a hard player to play against. The NHL is going to go, ‘Wow! Who is this kid?’”**

tragedy and excitement. But both the buzz and the banter are as real as the harp on a Tootoo's violin.

Even his traditional refuge at home in Russian Irkutsk, and the family and friends who embrace him there, have been invaded by outsiders as he moves closer to making history. They come to the former skating town on the western shores of Lake Baikal Bay, more than 4,100

km north of Winnipeg, from Sports Illustrated magazine and the daily newspaper USA Today. Mass reporters and photographers will keep watching the 20-year-old Tootoo until he either makes the Predators' roster, signed or heads to their ice affiliate in Milwaukee.

"I know he's famous," says Tootoo's mother, Rose, "but he's still our baby."

This was no ordinary summer for the Tootoo family. A year ago, Jordin's older brother, Terence, shot himself after being charged with driving under the influence in Brandon, Man. Terence had made history of his own as the first Irish to play professional hockey when he played the 2001-02 season with the Brampton Express of the East Coast Hockey League.

"It's hard to bear this summer because of the loss of one other son," says Rose.

Jordin's best friend, Troy Aleksak, has spent long stretches of time living with the Tootoo since his own father committed suicide when Aleksak was one. Visiting Nashville to make up for the short time Tootoo was home this summer, Aleksak says, "He talks about it [Terence's death] when things are going hard, how he just has to get through it. If I had a brother and lost him that way, I don't think



## WHO'S READY?

Search for clutch third- and fourth-line punch. For 47-year-old winger or winger Andre Kaban is ready for the Nashville Predators. The former center, signed by the Predators earlier this season, might be another NHL-ready for Andre Kaban.

He'll be able to go on this way for a long time. But he's got to get back to his old ways, deal with it."

In Irkutsk, Kaban is known as a "deep guy." But in this town of 3,200, there is a measure of deep despair as well. Unemployment runs about 22 percent. About one-third of the mostly aboriginal population collect welfare. The outside area for aboriginal youth is five to six times the national average, and alcohol and drug abuse is endemic.

But as Tootoo finds some measure of comfort in the pressures of hockey and the familiarity of the dressing room, he even continues his focus on his success as a way of escaping away from his own suffering. And Tootoo embraces their intense scrutiny with humility and grace.

"I can't get caught up in trying to make it to the NHL, for other people," he says. "I understand, I'm giving the way for a lot of aboriginal kids. But I'm doing it for myself."

Tootoo's success becomes all the more impressive when you discover that he didn't play organized hockey until he moved away from home at the age of 14. Until then, he and his friends played with older boys in endless scrimmages at the Russian Irkutsk arena. "We were just playing against each other all the time," Tootoo says. "Beating each other up."

In the fall of 1997, Tootoo's father arranged for him to play hockey in Edmonton. Living in the suburb of Spruce Grove, Tootoo was the only Irish student in his school and the only Irish player on the ice. He paid the price for his difference with taunts and fights. But Tootoo gave as good as he got. In his first organized hockey game, he was suspended for five games for fighting. "I thought I was at home," he says with a shrug.

If his opponents hated him, he

has teammates loved him. They loved Tootoo the most popular player on his team for five straight years, the last four with the Western Hockey League's Brandon Wheat Kings.

"It's moment I would like to have played with," says Nashville's amateur scout Rick Knickle, who compares Tootoo to former Leafs captain Wendel Clark. Knickle recalls trying to scout Tootoo on a trip through western Canada. It wasn't easy, because Tootoo kept getting himself ejected from games, once for the unorthodox pre-protest of "crying." The reality, says Knickle, was that Tootoo was simply hitting people too hard. "Oh my God. He is such a hard player to play against," says Knickle, a former Western King himself. "The NHL is going to go. Wow! Who is this kid?"

Anyway, even the odds are set for Tootoo in Nashville. A franchise that has failed to make a serious playoff bid in its five years of existence, the Predators desperately need a personality with whom their fans can identify.

"I think if the can do his thing, he'll be a very popular player in Nashville," says General Manager David Poole.

It is irony in a Nashville entry jammed with young professionals and CEOs from nearby Vanderbilt University, a pretty blonde whippersnapper, lovely enough for Tootoo to hire, that she thinks she recognizes him.

At their table, Tootoo and Aleksak grin and snort their way known as only long-time friends can. Tootoo leans back and smiles broadly.

"Little Eskimo from nowhere is here in Nashville," he says, "having a turkey sandwich with his best friend. Never thought that would happen."

Scott Burnside is the senior writer for Sports Illustrated.

# Mr. Bowman's neighbourhood

Whether he leads them to the Stanley Cup or East Amherst, N.Y., NHLers seem to follow Scotty Bowman wherever he goes.

By Tim Wharmsey

If you happened to stroll down the back fairway of the Transit Valley Country Club in the wee hours of the morning, chances are you would see a light on in the back room off the kitchen of the modest white house about halfway between the tee and the green.

And if you peered through the window, you'd see Scotty Bowman sitting in his easy chair, keeping up on all the national hockey league games being played that night in North America.

Bowman might have retired last year from coaching in the NHL, but almost 30 years, but his passion for hockey still burns bright, and so does the midnight oil in his TV room. During hockey season, Bowman spends most of his time here, coaching games from coast to coast. He picks three up on two satellite dishes—one for Canadian networks, the other for American—and uses a laptop computer to keep abreast of hockey news from around the globe.

Now 70 years old, Bowman has lived in this house in East Amherst, N.Y., for almost 25

years, ever since he moved with his family from Montreal to take a job coaching the Buffalo Sabres, who play about 35 miles to the west. Bowman's presence in that neighbourhood has turned it into one of the most concentrated communities of

assistant coach Don Lever, Buffalo Sabres coach Lindy Boff, the Sabres' assistant to the GM, Larry Carraro, Buffalo pro scout Terry MacIn and Hockey Night in Canada analyst Harry Neale. The Islanders' Michael Peca and the Rangers' Matthew Barbery belong to the local golf club.

"How many neighbourhoods own they have a Stanley Cup winners?" Neale asks. "Mind you, 38 belong to Scotty (since as a coach, one such Pittsburgh Penguins divorce of player person-  
[rel] and five to blunder (as coach and assistant coach of the Edmonton Oilers)."

"But seriously, this is a great place to live. If I was to put a blindfold on you and transport you here, this could easily be any suburb of any big city."

Neale knows Bowman writes any neighbor. They camped for years before

Neale, his wife and three children moved to East Amherst in 1986. One of their first excursions came when Neale was coaching the Vancouver Canucks. At the time, Bowman was the coach and general manager

of the Sabres, and he was making a start of—in his mother's house, taking in the Canucks-Canadiens game three times every

During the game Neale and the Canadiens' coach, Claude Ruel, were watching lines. Neale used the Canucks' visit of Thomas Gradin, Ron Sneyd and Curt Fraser to head Hobson like Guy Lafleur and Steve Shutt. The match-up worked for Neale. The Canucks pushed the powerhouse Canadiens into overtime.

In the extra period, Neale told the Gradin to first to keep the Canadiens' top players off the ice; they wouldn't get much ice time. The play worked. The Canadiens won the game.

"I get home a couple hours after the game and the phone rings," Neale says. "It must be around 4 a.m. back in Buffalo, but Scotty is on the other end, complaining—as an any coach's play."

Lever, a native of South Porcupine, Ont., moved to the neighbourhood a few years after Bowman, when he was traded to the Sabres from New



Jersey, near the end of his playing career. Veteran Sabres defenseman Jerry Bouchard suggested that Lever and his wife, Karen, should settle in East Amherst. The family has been there ever since, even though Lever now works in St. Louis during the season.

In fact, Lever, now 50, played in the NHL for two of his neighbourhood in the 1970s. Harry Neale coached the former forward

in Vancouver, Bowman coached Lever briefly in Buffalo in the mid-1980s.

As a senior resident of the little hockey community, Bowman could have moved his family when he took jobs in Pittsburgh and Detroit. But his wife, Rachel, and their five kids loved the area, so they stayed.

"One of the reasons we've stayed here is because of the people," Bowman says. "They're

friendly and they know hockey. If not for the border, you'd think you were in Canada."

And the community keeps growing. When Neale left the Red Wings in 1986 to take a job with Hockey Night in Canada, he first came to Toronto, but the fans here drove him Detroit because too much. He considered Toronto but Canadian hockey didn't then employ more assistants, his wife Peggy's

occupation. Bowman, Lever and Slater finally persuaded her to come to East Amherst.

"They all said, 'This area is a little remote, and not going to let you in because we know you, but we don't want too many people to know it,'" Neale says. "Now it takes an hour and 55 minutes to drive to Toronto and 15 minutes to get to the airport to get to out-of-town games."

Life in Mr. Bowman's neighbourhood revolves around Transit Valley, a short but demanding layout designed in the 1920s by George Langlands, a disciple of renowned course architect Donald Ross.

In fact, members are just visiting for another day like the one in 2002, when Bowman brought the Stanley Cup home and put it on display in his back yard. The course was jammed. Every tee box was booked. The word was out: East Amherst's most famous resident, and Transit Valley's most famous member, once again was bringing home the world's most famous trophy to share with his fellow Transit Valley members and neighbors.

"Scotty placed the Stanley Cup in the backyard of his house, and all the members going down the sixth hole that day came over to see it and get their pictures taken with it," Neale says. "We've never seen such excitement."

Even though Bowman is retired, his passion for hockey still burns bright.

"When myself, Scotty, Don, Lindy and the others get together, hockey is always the hot topic," says Neale. "What's going on, what's going on, what's going to go on. It's like our paperboy. He knows what's going on around the league, because that's on the Internet daily. Thank God for Scotty."

This interview is a revised hockey writer in Toronto



Scotty Bowman's home office, part of his hockey museum.





Game Over  
**MIKE TOTH**

## Can we talk? To the cliché-driven world of pro sports, the CFL brings a breath of fresh air.

**W**atch Sportnet—news long enough and you're bound to hear pro athletes recite every cliché in the book. "We gave it 110%." "We wanted it more than they did." "Nobody can take this away from us!"

But amidst this mind-numbing redundancy of mantras, something weird and wonderful is happening in the Canadian Football League.

Players aren't just talking to the camera. They're actually saying something.

Most modern athletes are trained in the art of not saying anything that might inflame the opposition. But unlike other professional sports leagues, CFL teams don't have the coin to pay for media relations courses to instruct players on what to say and what not to say. It creates an absolutely unfiltered.

**“We don’t get paid that much, so you’ve got to make sure you at least have fun.”**

Out west, in the mighty jungle of British Columbia, you won't find any Lions sleeping tonight. They'll be up until dawn chatting away like a bunch of

sugared-up teens at a sleep-over. That's one of the reasons why attendance at B.C. Place is up by 6,000 a game over last year. Don Vertlieb, the Lions director of communications, says much of the credit belongs to the team's colourful cast of characters.



"If you have a team with a bunch of cocky cutters, people won't find you interesting," says Vertlieb. "Our crowds are getting bigger, and you see Cal Kidd jerseys all over the stands."

That's because people remember Cal Kidd. When Cal Kidd talks, people listen. Here's what the B.C. linebacker had to say, for example, about a recent victory: "We came up on the scoreboard, and they didn't know, and they don't. They're probably pissed off about that, but that's the way the ball bounces."

Vancouver-based Sportnet reporter Scott Rintoul says the Lions are his favourite team to cover. And no wonder.

"They've got a colourful cast of characters, and it makes it a

lot easier to put together a good story," says Rintoul. "People really get a kick out of some of the things they say."

The media want the only ones embracing CFLers to express themselves. Even the coaches don't seem to mind. "It's the nature of the beast," says Lions boss Willy Dierks. "When players don't talk, they're probably not ready to play."

Does offensive "black" Melton, defensive end for the San Francisco Rough Riders, sound ready to play? Here's what he says about his role on the team: "I'm the oil in this machine. Without the oil, it just doesn't run right. That's just real."

Once Edmonton Eskimos' wide receiver Ed Hervey sound ready to play? Here's how he welcomed the Calgary Stampede to his home town: "They have to come to Edmonton, and we're going to kick their ass." (On Labour Day, Hervey went a bit further, wishing a lifetime

over the head with his helmet and marring himself a one-point suspension.)

"Players are very aware of the media," says Eskimos communications manager Dave Jamieson. "They read Marty Yee's column at Sportnet on, and they all want to be interviewed by Hazel Mae."

"You have to be colourful," agrees Hamilton Tiger-Cat line backer Joe Montford. "We don't get paid that much, so you've got to make sure you at least have fun."

So there you have it: Fun, football and freedom of speech. If you're fed up with television sound bites that have no teeth, the CFL is music to the ears. And if that music tends to be a little loud, you've got to admit one thing: At least it keeps you awake during Sportsnetnews.

Mike Toth is a co-anchor on Sportsnetnews Prime Time with Dawn Milard.

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## A GOLDEN NUGGET

Dawson City still attracts global adventurers

*Gold? We loathe from our benches,  
Gold? We spring from our attitude.  
Gold? We wheeled in the furrow,  
fired with the faith of fools...*

*Leaving our homes and our loved ones,  
crying ourselves, "Gold!"*

—Robert Service, *The Trail of Ninety-Eight*

IT WAS one of the few times that Robert Service, "bard of the Yukon," could not be accused of embellishing the facts. If anything, he was underplaying the gold-rush fever that swept the world in 1897. It was a form of contagious insanity, and one that sent more than 100,000 gold-seekers on a wild rampage toward a remote valley in Canada's Yukon. The headlines read it all: "Gold! Gold! Gold!"

The stampede pushed north along several ill-defined trails. Some fought their way up the B.C. Interior, others—lured by prospectors—attempted to travel overland from Edmonton, hundreds more went snow-blind and died trying to hike along glacial icefields. The most direct route, and the most popular, was by ship up the Alaska peninsula and then following your supplies over either the Chitina or White passes into Canada. From there, you would have to build a raft or sled boat and sail down

the Yukon River. The gold-seekers were young, for the most part. Barefoot men still in their 20s. But there were women too, and children. There were former nuns and ex-bank presidents, alcoholic fiddlers and fans of French "cocoons," grass hoppers and daggers, rich men and poor. They moved in dishevelled columns, like a massive, undisciplined army trudging northward, ever northeast. Fewer than 40,000 made it. Many died, most turned back.

The first ragged travellers didn't arrive from the outside until 1898, stumbling in only to find that the best claim had already been staked by the prospectors who were living in the North. No matter. The journey itself had been a test of character and there was still gold to be made "mining the miners." At the marshy confluence of the Yukon and Klondike rivers a boomtown had appeared, almost overnight. It was Dawson City, a sprawling community of narrow tents and false-front saloons, where millionaire miners in mud-colored boots parked along the streets with Mississippi River gambles and Belgian good-time girls.

By 1899, Dawson, with at least 30,000 people, was the largest city west of Winnipeg and north of Seattle—larger than Vancouver, larger than Victoria. It is the far-flung reaches of the sub-Arctic. Dawson City was hooked in the "Purs of the North," a heady mix of saloons, gaming houses and

ravens' dinner halls. The laziest Persian fishermen could be seen on its streets, and the city boasted all the latest technological marvels—telephones, electric lights, and motion-picture cinema—at a time when many cities to the south did not. And if Dawson's elegant false fronts had rough-hewn log cabins, so be it. It was a false front just of town.

The streets glittered with gold—literally at times, in the shade and mist of the alleyways and in the sunlight on the boardwalk floors, gold dust sparkled (the sunlight itself was regularly panned for gold at the end of the night). In Dawson, gold lost its meaning. It was, in fact, one of the most common commodities around. When a love-struck miner held up a restaurant to steal chocolate for his date-blind girl, he found that although the gold was in the till, the chocolates—much more than that gold—were locked away in a safe. He fled.

The summer, I decided to take my family to the Klondike along one of the original "trails of '98." Travelling by plane, train, boat and automobile, we retraced the White Pass Route from Skagway, Alaska, to Dawson City. Our Klondike Hot party included my wife and me, and our two children. Also, who is, by his own calculations, "five-and-three-quarters," and his brother, Kater, who is just over a year old and capable of ponding over his baby weight in poop duty. Hence

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# LAS VEGAS, P.Q.

ON THE STAGE OF THE NEWEST THEATRE IN LAS VEGAS, two beautiful, athletic young men, one white, one black, both almost nude, dance a tango that looks at times like a meet fight and at others like a nuptial dance—and ends in a passionate embrace. In another number, a couple of gymnasts play out the *Karen Sains* to dramatic effect—just after two apparently bare-breasted young costaromers had done their number in a past *Séduire*. Oh me, oh my! Is this really Las Vegas, the portmanteau Sin City where women sport red

stars for nipples? Vegas, the gambling haven where souls are sold as readily as slot in slotting "gentlemen's clubs," or by droop of new immigrants from Central America lining the Strip, abounding pictures of their "saxes" in the faces of passing tourists?

Yes, it's Las Vegas all right, only with a twist: Las Vegas, P.Q.

Zanele, Cirque du Soleil's newest of fairs, was conceived and developed in Montreal before being crissed and shipped to Las Vegas just a few weeks ago. It's a cabaret show, the Cirque's first venture inside its traditional one-ring circus format, and it was a bit of a gamble too. Zanele is all about seduction, artful eroticism, and ritual forays into gay, lesbian and S&M kink. But it's beautiful, and fun, too, and even before its official launch on Sept. 20, the show had generated a global buzz and engendered pressing business inquiries from Paris and Berlin.

The fact that a bunch of bold and crazy artists and producers from Quebec would dare rewrite the book on how Las Vegas sex and soft-core seductions—as art spectacle, far removed of sin and sleaze—has been taken to stride here. It's what the crazy Canucks with the fuzzy French accent have been doing here ever since *Mystère*, Cirque du Soleil's first Vegas production, hit town 10 years ago, never to leave again.

IN THE TOPSY-TURVY world of Las Vegas, the apex of nudism lies somewhere below ground. Celina Dorn's private dressing room is the bowels of the Colosseum—the US\$95-million, 4,000-seat theatre custom-built for

her amid the sprawling casino of Caesars Palace—looks more like a windowless luxury condo. It's all dark wood, fresh flowers and tan leather, with private and formal dining rooms, salons and bedrooms, offices, a spa, a gym, and a kitchen where a chef cooks something nightly while she surges into her hair done in the dressing room. And Angele, Dorn's husband-producer, drinks Pomer from a crystal tumbler while flicking sparks from a flurry of employees, all speaking French. "Yes, I guess you can say we rewrite the book," he says.

In his raspy voice. "We certainly raised the boom for anyone who wants to produce such a show."

Dorn will cash in a cool US\$100-million over these years to sing in her state-of-the-art theatre—classical sonatas, classical songs, rockers, jazz, no orchestra pit, and North America's largest indoor LED video screen—designed by Montreal-based Solina Plus. What really was her show apart? It was directed by Franco Dragone, of Cirque du Soleil fame. Dragone has incorporated a good deal of the Cirque's trademark wow: 40 dancers, stage workbooks, stunts, fabulous costumes and technical wizardry. "This couldn't have been produced on Broadway or in London," Angele says. "They don't have the space, the money, the electricity for a show of this magnitude."

Dragone—who uple from the Cirque,

**Quebecers are rewriting the book on entertainment in Sin City. Sex still sells—but think eros, not sleaze.**

BY BENOIT AUBIN



along with a smattering of executives and producers, in 1993—has a bright future ahead of them. He's designing one here for the next biggest thing due to hit Las Vegas: Steve Wynn's US\$2-billion, ultra-exclusive hotel casino, set to open in 2005. Wynn is the legendary developer who brought the Cirque to Vegas.

But Cirque officials are not complaining about the competition; they're locked into a lucrative agreement to provide entertainment for MGM Mirage—which, with nine huge complexes and 43,000 employees, is the biggest resort operator in town. On top of *Mystère*, the water spectacle O, and *ZaZu*, the Cirque is cooking up a fourth show, to be directed by world-



renowned choreographer Robert Lopez, scheduled to open next year. And it's making plans to develop its own Cirque du Soleil-designed resort on the Strip.

**AT THE FAR END** of the Italian-themed Bellagio resort's obscenely luxurious casino of marble, pink onyx, chandeliers, fresh flowers and gold accessories, a tall black man in a red jacket stands guard at a high door that marks the line where betting stops and big-time business begins. In an elegant suite of offices that look like a prince's palace, Terry Lanni, the CEO of MGM Mirage, has just one word to explain this very odd connection between French, northern, outcastly desert Monte Carlo, and his own gaming empire in Nevada: "Gay." That's Guy Laliberté, 44, the elusive genius who, in 1994, turned the Cirque du Soleil from a bunch of street artist performers awaking tourists in Boleo St Paul into the world's most successful, fastest growing entertainment conglomerate. "Guy is a free spirit and as brilliant a person as I have ever met," Lanni says. "His people can think outside the envelope, and we give them the creative license and the financial wherewithal."

In downtown Las Vegas, the first true circus still standing after 50 years are all day

haunted as historic or heritage sites. But what the city lacks in history, it makes up for in frontier pace of change. "Las Vegas has to constantly reinvent itself," Lanni says, "if it wants to expect customers to keep coming back." In the '60s, clever gamblers from California turned this quarter-

desert oasis into an air-conditioned mirage of kitsch. Vegas soon became Sin City at a time when mid-fun-see, booze, gambling—was in very short supply in the fundamentalist, under-civilized American southwest. Then, Hollywood started sending its aging superstars—Elvis, Liberace, Sinatra—to die a slow death performing for an endless stream of teen-mademed pinheads high on shrimp cocktail waits. After that came a Disney phase—complete with Treasure Island and pirate ships.

Today? Las Vegas is still capitalizing on the essential wisdom inherited from its mob founders—that the promise of easy fun and constant cash will always beat the certainty of a boring life of virtue and hard work for a pittance. But the form has evolved. Today, Vegas calls itself "an experience."

**MANHATTAN HAS ONE.** Singapore has one too, but Las Vegas does not have a drink named in its honor. It's surprising, since Vegas is the most haunted and marinated city package-product experience destination on the world. But then, the Vegas Dealer

would have to be really something: extra tall, consequently expensive, with a lot of fat and shiny weed colours, and strong enough to make you choke your sanity at the gate. Everybody knows how thinking they will be the exception to the odds, that they will own the city, that it will be called Sinad-

vile once they are done with it," says Joe, a dervish cabaret from Chicago. "The dignitaries of here are much more quiet." From the air, the Las Vegas Strip looks like a little boy's fantasy, with the world's great landmarks, the Eiffel Tower, the Chrysler building, a pyramid, the Colosseum, tossed together in a jumble by a day-loving Godzilla with an eye for the quirky. This is where Metallica vis-

ited a year—100,000 a day—come to be entertaining captives, for 44 days on average, "superstar" headliner in Paris, lunch in Aladdin's harem and dinner in a mobster's palace. Here in Vegas, the Sphinx has a nose and the Manhattan skyline has a throating, two-carriagely scary roller coaster running around it. There is a Venice, with a maze of canals and the Prince and Princess on which goldenrod seaweed their passenger with O Sole Mio. Then Venice, with its canals, bridges, shops and monuments, is located on the air-conditioned second floor of the Venetian resort's vast casino, but when you're in there, you tend to lose sight of that fact. A block down the Strip, Bellagio's Tuscan palace has waterworks in a pond larger than several football fields that Lanni XIV would have loved for Versailles.

You don't really believe you're in the real thing, of course—there are no early New Yorkers in Vegas's New York, no pigeons in its Venice. But you will be mesmerized by the size, the scope, the wealth, the mad games of it all, by how slick it is and how efficiently it works, by how plain easy it is. Stop here long enough and your disbelief will be suspended, too. In Rome one evening, at that lovely cafe near the roaring fountain of Trevi, the waitress asks if you want to eat inside or

The night life of Vegas is both mesmerizing and disorienting—nothing else is.

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outdoors. If you chose "outdoors," odds are good you'll see the fading light lining the clouds with pink in the darkening sky. Sex acts occur every 45 minutes in this Rome.

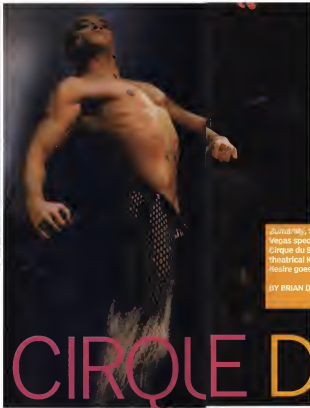
When it has you properly disoriented, disheveled, suspended to the point of forgetting where you are, Vegas has a slot machine or blackjack table just right for you. And you, whether a gambling person or not, will eventually find that table, if only to check if your own little private gambled land wouldn't, by any fair chance, be winning right here, in Vegas, the land of promise.

But Vegas officials insist that gaming is only a fraction of the whole experience now. Every night, the Cirque and Celine Dion alone draw close to \$900 spectators, at over \$100 a pop, on average—on top of all the other musicians, musicals and touring shows playing in venues that night. "Las Vegas has become the entertainment capital of the world," says Dennis Laramie, Cirque du Soleil's president and chief operating officer. "Producers the world over now routinely come to Vegas to see what's new and good, like they used to go to London or New York before."

For Angeli, the math is simple: nobody has the money to make the same amount Vegas. "Celine pays for 4,000 every night. If only half of that spent only \$500 on food, drink and the show, that's \$200,000 in extra revenue for Caesars Palace, every night!"

There is no personal or corporate income tax in Las Vegas.

THE CIRQUE DU SOLEIL HAS, over the years, developed a new entertainment identity—a glib, hardy, apolitical, somewhat out of the world, costumes and music never before seen or heard, acts and stunts that regularly seem to defy the laws of logic or gravity—a perfect fit with a city that lives by selling excess and fantasy. Laramie says the big fun now is to look beyond the regular gambling crowd—preferably to the wealthy, sophisticated, globe-trotting set—to attract more people to the city. Already, according to a recent survey, five per cent of all visitors to the Cirque as their prime reason for coming to Las Vegas, a destination they might have skipped otherwise. Drawing 1.8 million new tourists a year to Las Vegas is one big act up the Cirque's sleeve. Still, that means some 34 million are coming to gamble, something Laramie hasn't forgotten. "Gambling is the economic engine," he says—and the bottom line is, "the house owns the slot machines."



Somewhat, the new Vegas spectacle from Cirque du Soleil, is a theatrical Kama Sutra—Resire goes acrobatic

BY BRIAN D. JOHNSON

"WE NEED EVERYONE TO GET INTO THEIR NAKED COSTUMES so we can do the transition from the gentle organ to the flute." Now there's a request you don't hear every day. We're at a rehearsal for *ZaZuZuZu*, Cirque du Soleil's bold new cabaret show in Las Vegas. It has been playing as a work-in-progress for the weeks at the New York-New York Hotel and Casino, but on the eve of its gala premiere, co-director Dominique Champagne is trying to work out some kinks, and put some in. He wants to make the climax more... dramatic. It's a complex sequence. A bathtub rises out of the stage, surrounded by a blond bombshell who slides and flips like a bar of soap through the arms of a black hawk with a mohawk. They're naked but for a G-string and jockstrap. As they writhen around the tub in a devouring dance, and dance each other with milk, they're encircled by

creatures Lego-locked in a dizzy chain of faces, groin and hands—the gentle organ.

*ZaZuZuZu* itself is a kind of theatrical Kama Sutra, a zoo of performers thrown into strange and compromising positions. A Canadian ballerina trades in her tutu for a G-string. A young dancer from Prince George, B.C., picks up a bullwhip and plays dominatrix. A Brazilian dwarf flies through the air on the silk controls of a tall, complex acrobat. A pair of contortionists, from Russia and Mongolia, take a Supple slinky dip in a giant cocktail glass.

On the Vegas Strip, where offense is as ubiquitous as neon, there's nothing new about burlesque, even awful burlesque.

Just across the street from *ZaZuZuZu*, at the MGM Grand, a Persian cabaret show called *La Femme* presents cauching acts of cool ladies wrapped in geometric patterns of project of light—

surprise in pop art. But Cirque du Soleil's breaking new ground. It's probably safe to

say that Las Vegas has never seen so many small-breasted showgirls. *ZaZuZuZu* is a silicone-free zone, offering an uncensored brand of burlesque that embraces a myriad of body types.

"We've got all these shapes and sizes—voluptuous, thin, tall, small," says Vancouver, the Canadian ballerina-turned-burlesque dancer. Born in Montreal, and trained by the Royal Winnipeg Ballet, Convery danced with Les Grands Ballets Canadiens and Les Ballets jazz de Montréal before moving off to join the Cirque. "Burlesque is a cocktail of our world," says the 33-year-old dancer. "It's not all the same weight and height. I've always been the beautiful princess on point shoes. Now I'm playing a cross between Marilyn Monroe and Pinocchio Anderson. I've really come out of my shell."

Joy Arns, the drag queen who hosts *ZaZuZuZu*, has gone the other direction, from playing sexual iconoclast in Manhattan's gay underground to landing a line of authenticity to Cirque's new cabaret brand. "I wasn't sure about Cirque at first," he admits as he sits at the mirror, applying eyeliner with a practiced hand. "I thought maybe I was too straight for these people. Their showgirls really straight, basically." Arns, who

# CIRQUE DE SEX





won't reveal his age, but an impressive pedigree among the New York art crowd: "I knew Andy [Warhol] and Salvador Dalí and worked with David Bowie. Who owns all starred performers, Madonna was one of my guys. Everybody made it but me. I'm the most infamous famous person."

And infamous. Aron recalls being jailed after a 1991 performance in Paris, in which he had sex with a man from the audience while another performer "squirled milk from her breasts and pulled 32 yards of polyester from her vagina." But until the more painful story of *Zanussi*, Aron still feels he can be himself. "The magic is the 'I, outside of me,' he says. "It can never be satiated. Las Vegas is not going to change that. We're coming here to give the finger, to switch the gears from Fun City to Sin City. That's my job, to turn people on."

**SATURDAY NIGHT** The glee promoters trundle through the Art Deco theme park of New York-New York's mile-belt Manhattan, past the bubbling slot machines, down a few dead alleys of kitsch to the newsworthy backroom without heads—and tap into the art nouveau dream world of the *Zanussi*

The show's offbeat, surrealistic blend of body horror and cabaret is a blend of body horror

the animal, voices from the wall whisper sexual innuendo. The theatre itself, plush with rows of red velvet, wraps around a convoluted stage. In designer Stephen Bay, describes the style as "folliesque."

The show begins with a comic band of pilgrims protesting "the appalling dehumanity" that we are about to witness—"because the storings of heart in your sister regions." A parody of American patriotism to soften up the crowd, but the performers audience is by no means typical. Sitting in the front row is the Black Chick of doom, the prince of darkness like himself. Hugh Hefner, flanked by six blond playmates. "Good," says Joey, drinking them in. "Such delicious Barbie— you girls look like candy."

The show unfolds as a swirling hybrid of circus, cabaret and burlesque. A Singspree dancer draped in beads ignites the rows

theatre. The lobby is like a bazaar, the walls padded with red velvet. People break off furative glimpses of black and white flesh.

with a tribal rhythm. A pair of ballet dancers glides through a nearly nude pin de dea. Two zany Brechtian juggle didoes. And a showgirl from Cuba performs a murchy striptease that could have come straight from *Chippendales*. There are also several shows of members that put an erotic spin on traditional circus skills. The two acrobats competing in the fishbowl-cum-cocktail glass offer a mini-frontage of *007*. Congo's worst masochists playing up the stakes at the Bellagio. And a Russian in leotards, described as a "dislocation zone," tears his body into such perverse positions that you can only imagine what he could do to himself in the privacy of his own bedroom.

A couple of the acts push the limits of outrageous violence. The guy diving in front of me shakes his head with disgust as a jarring tangle between two men, blond and black, ends with a prolonged kiss. And in the show's most haunting performance, a mourning female arabian weaves through an aerial bondage number that ends in an asphyxiation. But the show's erotic sensibility is defined by humor, and the persistent message that sex is good for us.

All Cirque shows are sexy, but when sex

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ROGERS

Film | BY JONATHAN GURFIN

## CANUCK CAPER

*Foolproof* is a slick, smart, witty heist movie

IT TAKES nerves of steel and a splash of hubris to title your film *Foolproof*, so Toronto-writer-director William Phillips does. Generally speaking, cultural law dictates that any film whose title, however plot-descriptive, suggests the weak is full-on will be anything but—excepting, of course, the John Cusack sweetie-dick *The Sure Thing*. Even more discouraging, *Foolproof* has been bestowed the honour of joining the widest Canadian film release in the country's history (as many as 200 screens nationwide), although it has yet to find a U.S. distributor. Uh-oh. These go the warning bells. Worse, *Foolproof* is about as almost Canadian as a slightly-budgeted action flick that has any

postcards about art, and credits *Academy Award*, one of the country's signature writers, as executive producer. On paper, *Foolproof* sounds confused—at best.

Of course, however, there is absolutely nothing wrong with this picture. Canadian cinema tends to be either quirky and self-effacing or pious and ethnic, but *Foolproof* is a niche. It's just a crime caper—a whizby competent, thoroughly entertaining heist flick with flashes of style and humour—whose cinematography and dialogue recall the bump-a-minute comedy of, say, *Swashers* more than the excessively gobal, lady-boring, machinist of David Mamet. Vancouver's starkest son, Ryan

Reynolds, best known for playing the romantic in the gross-out collage romp *National Lampoon's Van Wilder*, is the celebrity draw, and the film's only lesson is that crime does pay so long as you're really serious and in bed with a British gangster. Take note, aspiring burglars.

Kevin (Reynolds) is a mild-mannered insurance investigator by day, but spends his downtime with old university friends Socrates (Kieran Booth) and Rob (Jon Javvy) plotting robberies that are roughly as sophisticated as regulating peace in the Middle East. The gimmick is that they only plan crimes as an intellectual game, and have never actually broken in anywhere because they've got the good sense God gave them. But when a crew of real criminals headed up by naive British gangster Leo Gillette (David Suchet) snags one of their plans and successfully executes a diamond heist, the long-patented duo is persuaded into stealing \$20 million in corporate bonds—thus earning to achieve fame in the group's diamond plan to police. Gillette drinks crime through friendship and wants the two to embrace a life of backstabbing evil, but Kevin and his pals aren't so sure. After all, they're RTAs—best friends forever.

Even for a movie so small in scope—one that's obsessed with details like the sort of screws used in alarm panels—*Foolproof* succeeds. Though it's a pure-by numbers crime drama with little in the way of character development, the acting is smooth, the heroes are funny and the robbery at crime Reynolds, the Socrates William Scott of Canada, is the king of arched eyebrows, and with an equally arch wit he plays off Javvy's paranoid Rob, a rail-thin who serves as tech wizard and aware of the unreliable getaway vehicle. Booth's Socrates is a little icy and a little wild, an athletic young woman who screams "Who?" when Suchet portrays Gillette is an oily goateed, a man who looks and behaves like he went to Haverhill-Lester College and made honour roll.

It's all derivative, but it's all fun, too. What's more, between the suspense, the triple-crossing and the satisfying deconstruction, *Foolproof* turns out to be an entertaining and rather indulgent. For those who'd like the Canadian screen to be less wimpy, Phillips's film proves that the land of Dudley Do-Right can also be home to Action Jackson.



Reynolds and Suchet only pretend to want stuff—until the real bad guys arrive on the scene

COURTESY OF MIDE FILM

NOVEMBER 6 | OCTOBER 6, 2002 47

# LIVES OF GIRLS AND WOMEN

Murder, deafness, an obsession with films and the healing power of stories

**DEEP WITHIN** Ann-Marie MacDonald's long-awaited second novel, *The Way the Crow Flies* (Knopf), her assassin's name makes an aside about the old two-lane highways that link Toronto and Ottawa. They're more dangerous, she notes, than the newer, multi-lane 401, not because the freeway has controlled-access ramps or dividers between oncoming traffic, but because "these winding roads, with their turnings and dead-ends, are narrative—the 401 is just a series of facts." It's an arresting, multiple image—bringing to mind not just the fact that old roads told old stories of post-migrants and settlers, but also the notion that any way of explaining the world is inherently risky. Narratives can set you free, but their unexpected turns and turns can as easily send you careening off your road, shattering what had seemed carefully laid a moment before.

For all its manifold plots and themes, all unseen literature is in part about writing itself, the act of manipulating language to construct alternative realities, sometimes from shards of personal memory, sometimes from nothing at all. And it does so in pursuit of an emotional truth that's both fierce and fragile. "Not real," a character in Margaret Atwood's *Drift* and Celia Mills freshly bemoan certain fictions when she struggles to explain artistic representation to them, "can tell us about real."

Fiction isn't, in her much-labeled Deaf-earring (HarpurCollins), is less often about her as it is about MacDonald—her mother's overbearing but equally ambitious Irish tale

of a young deaf woman during the First World War occupies her home-front life in Ontario with that of her hearing husband, who is an Irishman, married in a conflict so local its parts can be heard across the English Channel. How the two intersect is the essence of the novel. In Garbo Laughlin (McClifford & Stewart), the story of a movie-obsessed middle-aged woman in which the dialogue frequently sounds as though it was lifted from a 1930s screwball comedy, Elizabeth Hay doesn't reach as high as Irish, but her grasp is sure. With-



**GRANIA** and her husband, Jim, struggle to describe their different worlds in *Deafening*

*Deafening* nor Garbo Laughlin, however, match the combination of ambition and achievement that marks *The Way the Crow Flies*, a momentous recreation of a vanished era and a lost childhood.

Like the quietly intricate narrative, the cover of the title match over MacDonald's novel from its first page, providing an ironic, but's preview of characters who do anything but take a direct route to their destination. Other birds see only a repelling series of actions in a meadow in the early spring of 1963, but the crows are different—"I believe crows know things about us," confesses the author in an interview. In *The Way the Crow Flies*, they saw a murder, the death that lies at the book's heart. (No surprise there: the collective noun for the species is "a murder of crows.")

But the story proper begins a year earlier with the arrival of the impossible happy McCarty family in BC&F house Centralia, 40 km north of London, Ont. (Although Ann-Marie MacDonald was only three in the summer of 1962, and her protagonist, the similarly Catholic Madeline McCarty, is eight, the novel often matches her character detail for detail. Both have vaguely exotic mothers (Lebanese for Ann-Marie, Andean for Madeline), desk-jockey ear-father officers for fathers, and the distant backgrounds of military brass (MacDonald too came to Centralia in 1962, from the Canadian air base in Baden-Nahe, West Germany, where she was born). Both knew

that the novel often matches her character detail for detail. Both have vaguely exotic mothers (Lebanese for Ann-Marie, Andean for Madeline), desk-jockey ear-father officers for fathers, and the distant backgrounds of military brass (MacDonald too came to Centralia in 1962, from the Canadian air base in Baden-Nahe, West Germany, where she was born). Both knew

that the novel often matches her character detail for detail.

they were different at a young age, and both had a hard time winning parental acceptance—father with their mothers—when they deflected their inclination towards adults.

Madeline, like Ann-Marie, is an acute observer and a guardian of memory, skills cultivated by the isolation and those who are always trying to fix her. So again does the feel that she sometimes unconsciously wanders if everyone else is an alien merely pretending to be human. (Thirteen-year-old Ann-Marie used to think the most thoughts, once so terrifying that five-year-old brother, John Hugh—and herself—with her speculations about the true nature of their father that the two children in three up in the back seat of their car while waiting for dad.)

MacDonald has a lot to observe the year in the specific Centralia, from the actions of her senior Grade 4 teacher to the events surrounding the murder—modeled on the Seven Truist case of 1959 of a classroom who'd narrowly escaped her. Clare MacCarroll was the child of a second USAAF officer who is stationed in Centralia—with his family far closer—only because he's a pilot in an officer's plot that also involves Madeline's father, like a man without a shadow? And what do shadows do? "They catch up."

But not for more than 10 years, not until the 1980s when the health of Madeline's father deteriorates alarmingly and the Cold War heats up again. Most of all—now an openly gay, successful, prominent TV comedian—starts to have private doubts and boxes of inexpressible sorrows. The ground is shifting beneath her feet again, but this time, older and stronger, she crafts a story that answers all the questions *The Way the Crow Flies* is the result of



Her saga is one of passion and beauty

**'HALF A STORY,'** MacDonald writes, 'is like a face gazing into an empty mirror'

every story that is only "half a story," the first story, "like a face gazing into an empty mirror, like a man without a shadow." And what do shadows do? "They catch up."

That's not for more than 10 years, not until the 1980s when the health of Madeline's father deteriorates alarmingly and the Cold War heats up again. Most of all—now an openly gay, successful, prominent TV comedian—starts to have private doubts and boxes of inexpressible sorrows. The ground is shifting beneath her feet again, but this time, older and stronger, she crafts a story that answers all the questions *The Way the Crow Flies* is the result of

five years of writing and a lifelong interest in Seven Truist, whose "spirit and courage" are infused in the author's best. "I lived across the street from Collins Bay Penitentiary, where he was imprisoned for a while," MacDonald recounts. "And my parents were acquainted with his, so there were these filaments of connection." Her belief in Truist's innocence and her instilling of her own life for her character made for painful progress. "Everything was so close to me, I felt I was writing with my face against a man's face," says the author, who's a phrase Madeline uses to refer to her mother as a whole. "I'd ask myself, 'How do I get perspective, how do I separate the death importance to me from those that will make a wider choice?' I wondered whether I was just writing about my mother's self or a real character."

Whether Macdonald for worry Macdonald





# YOU ASSUMED WRONG

No, I don't have kids. My husband and I are cheerfully child-free.

## "SO, HOW MANY KIDS DO YOU HAVE?"

For most women, this is an ordinary, everyday question. It's a great icebreaker with someone you really don't know very well. After all, everyone has children, right?

Why, I answer that my husband, Darren, and I have decided not to have children, the statement is usually met with bewilderment, offence, even disapproval. I can almost hear their thoughts: Why did we get married if we're not going to procreate? And it will seem

far more acceptable for a man to declare he doesn't want children. How can I, a woman, not want children? It is my duty. I have been equipped with the power to give life, and I choose not to use it. There must be something wrong with me. I have been called everything from selfish to child-hater. I actually had someone say to me, "Well, you probably abuse kids too, don't you?" I've been told that I'm "yapping out on the future" by not replenishing the earth with new human beings. I would be feel embarrassed and uncomfortable, so I would give them that I couldn't have children.

I didn't say more. I was told of people's misplaced pity. There is a certain empower-

ment when they are single or married, with or without children, yet families with children can count the misanthropic companies for more. Parents who leave work early to watch junior play soccer often assume their child-free co-workers will pick up the slack. One-year maternity leave, flex-time, and child-care daycare parents don't, of course, get those perks—or anything remotely equivalent. Are employees with children any more important than child-free ones?

There are many child-free people like my husband and me out there, and we live our lives just as other people do. We go to work. We go to the movies. We have friends and family who care about us and whom we care

long and hard about the decision not to have children. We know that having a child is an enormous responsibility and our lives would never be the same. We know that its effects on marriage is a 50-per-cent chance of ending in divorce—and that having a child only increases that risk.

Elated string to the knowledge that there would be a decision that is right for me and for my marriage. Darren and I met on a blind date in 1999. Having previously been charmed by a man who wanted children, I made sure the topic came up early in the relationship. We had already dated on so many levels that it was a great feeling to discover we had something else in common. We married nine years ago and I had my first child five years ago, when I was 31.

A few years into our marriage, Darren and I found our social life changing. Invitations to parties and weekend getaways had turned into invitations to baby showers and birthday parties. Our friends' discussions were



all about wedding and diaper changing. Searching the Internet one day we came across the site for No Kidding! (www.nokidding.net), a not-for-profit social club for couples and singles who are not parents. For whatever reason. Founded in 1986 in Vancouver by Jerry Strinberg, it has grown to 68 chapters worldwide, including in the United Kingdom, United States, Korea, Ivory Coast and Canada, where there are 12. We thought it would be fun to

start our own Burlington, Ont., chapter, and in 2001 we had our first get-together. Since then, we've held monthly meetings and organized state creative activities we've great singing, for instance, and, more recently, held a fundraiser for breast cancer research. We help one another grow. We count on each other. It feels like family.

Parenthood is a choice, not an obligation, and it's a thousand should-be made lightly. To have children because you want someone to look after you in your old age, or because your family expects you to carry on the name, are just two in a long list of wrong reasons to have children.

Most of all, do you people I know have thought

about just because we don't push our social contributions in a similar dose not means we have made none.

Theresa Cavill lives with her husband in Burlington, Ont. To comment: [therescavill@no-kidding.net](mailto:therescavill@no-kidding.net)



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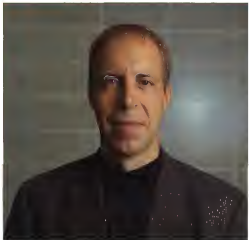


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## CLOSING NOTES



### Self-help | You've got to know when to walk away

Addictions expert David Hodgins has long been struck by the fact that the majority of people who successfully overcome various vices—be it alcohol, opiates or gambling—do so on their own, without the benefit of formal treatment programs. But it's not easy. So, in the case of chronic gamblers, the University of Calgary professor has come up with a system that allows these individuals to acknowledge their problem in the privacy of their own home—and then helps them do something about it.

Hodgins says his program, which has drawn attention from international addictions experts, is aimed at reaching the 90 per cent of problem gamblers who decline to turn to residential treatment programs or groups like Gamblers Anonymous. His 48-page self-help manual contains a series of decisions

so participants can chart their behaviour and gauge the severity of their problem. They also receive tips on how to resist the pernicious tug and are urged to find other leisure activities to fill the time they would usually spend indulging their habit.

Hodgins followed his first study group of 182 for two years, and found that 37 per cent had not gambled at all in the final six months of the study. He is now recruiting across the country for a follow-up group (phone interested can call 1-877-437-3777). In addition to the manual, many in the new study will receive a series of telephone calls from counsellors, encouraging them to stick with the program. "People tend to make several attempts before they are ultimately successful," says Hodgins. "We want to help them follow through."

DEAN BERGMAN

Calgary professor  
Hodgins has advice  
for gamblers

### New release | We'd do anything for Gordon

A year after Gordon Lightfoot, 84, released his third studio album, *Abolition*, the 10-song collection is about to be released to honor the singer-songwriter. Among the songs that make up *Abolition* is "We'd Do Anything for Gordon," a tribute to Gordon Lightfoot by the 11. Gordon Lightfoot and the Tragedy Men.



### GOOD SAX

One definition of maturity is the inclination to concentrate on what really matters. For Mike Markay, that means music.

Markay has been one of Canada's topmost jazz saxophonists for more than a decade, which of course means most people have never heard of him, but it is time for that to change. Arguing with his 2008 CD *Live at the 52nd Street*—which was his first album in his new band—Markay has released a new CD of typical Canadian jazz music. The CD is called *Live at the 52nd Street* and features a mix of jazz music. The CD is called *Live at the 52nd Street* and features a mix of jazz music.

PHIL WELLS



## Computing | How to keep bugs at bay

Although most Canadians wouldn't leave their front doors wide open 24 hours a day, week after week, many fail to treat their computers with the same prudent caution. In August, two major worms and a virus circulated around the Internet, wreaking havoc on home and business computers, including Aer Canada's system.

It need not have been so. Most often, worms and viruses proliferate due to user negligence: people clicking on attachments in e-mails, or not updating their operating systems or anti-virus programs.

But it's not all carnage. These malicious worm farmers are crafty. The latest threat masquerades as an e-mailed security patch from Microsoft. Not fall for it. The patch contains the worm worm, which attempts to disable firewall and anti-virus software, gather password information, and spread itself throughout your address book.

As a rule, you should treat your computer like you treat your house or car: keep the doors locked, and when someone comes a-knock-ing, find out who it is. Install the appropriate

anti-virus software and download regular updates ([windowsupdate.microsoft.com](http://windowsupdate.microsoft.com)). Never open an attachment from an unknown user, and even with known e-mailers, download the attachment to your hard disk and then scan it for viruses. If you're reluctant to spend the \$39 on an anti-virus program, there are free alternatives ([www.grisoft.com](http://www.grisoft.com)) as well as free virus-scanning tools ([www.symantec.com](http://www.symantec.com), [www.eset.com](http://www.eset.com)). Now the bugs can't bite.

## Game of the month

Someone's been wrecking at the Ark. As always—can you join the devastation? Today's high score and rating: "The Raven" (arcade) is a matchless, 100% accurate, round-the-clock, always-on-line, 3D, 128-bit with 3D graphics, mouse and keyboard, action, shoot 'em up, like The Raven Match.



## Downloads | Listening to loonie tunes

They couldn't beat them, so they decided to join them. And a long battle to control illegal file-swapping, some of the world's major record labels are getting behind services where music lovers can collect tunes for a price. The most successful has been Apple's iTunes Music Store, which sold more than five million songs in its first two months of operation. Canadian options are limited, but here's a look at what's available and what's on the way.

MusicMatch will offer its own music service online by September. You can't download songs but there is a choice of 35,000 artists to listen to. And MusicMatch AX

allows users to order, edit and save a playlist of their favorite songs. Puretracks offers 50 cents a song to \$9.99 an album. When Toronto-based independent labels use Puretracks, it will become Canada's first legal download music service. It will have a library of 250,000 tracks.

It's not just the labels that are jumping into the digital music game. Sony is to offer its own music service to PCs and transfer onto an MP3 player. Napster 2.0, RealPlayer, and others of CD burning software, brought the once-volatile digital program last year and will refresh it as a legal service this fall. More than 900,000 tracks will be available for purchase, by subscription or as a fee per song.



## Web | Design, then dine

Has design gone online? Types, check out the on-line seven day program for redefining your kitchen from the inside. [www.millie.com/millie/filters/shape/index.html](http://www.millie.com/millie/filters/shape/index.html). Simply enter the room's dimensions, choose from a variety of op-

tion styles, appliances, paint colors and floor patterns, and place them on the blueprint. The program then generates a 3-D image of the room. But be careful: trying this may inadvertently do more damage to your eye than good.

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## CAN I GET SOME SERVICE?

I'd soothe my nerves with a Diet Coke, but the waiter gave me root beer

HISDA, sir or madam. How may I help you today? How can I be of service? I ask because I, myself, can't get any good service around here. I mean, none at all. Not anywhere. The wonder of the modern service economy is that you can't get any *frickin'* service. Here are the annals of indignities:

**1** I ordered brown meat with my omelette. I got what I want. Why did the waitress ask what

kind of meat I wanted? Was she just making small talk?

**2** At another restaurant I know, every single time I order a Diet Coke, I get a regular Coke. I have to watch the servers now. Use a hand, and I see them reaching for the telltale red can. "Oh-uh-uh-uh-uh! Diet Coke!" I said. Diet!

**3** Oh. Sorry. Every time

**4** I ordered a Diet Coke with my Sunday brunch at another place a couple of weeks ago. The waiter brought a root beer. A half-hour later,

**5** My girlfriend is vegetarian.

The other night she ordered a quacodilla. Quacodilla is a Spanish word meaning "thing with cheese." She got a quacodilla with chicken. She doesn't eat chicken. That's why she didn't ask for any. She got some anyway. It's the second time this has happened to her at the same place.

**6** Once, when we were going somewhere on the train, she asked ahead for a vegetarian meal. They served her a vegetarian meal. The actual quote from the steward was, "Here's your vegetarian meal." It had chicken in it.

**7** I asked directory assistance for the phone number for River East Collegiate in Winnipeg. I got the number for Princess Margaret Secondary School.

Say them both to yourself: "River East" "Princess Margaret." Now is it possible to screw that up?

Surely even the directory assistance no-bots shouldn't be screwing that one up. Teams of evil geniuses have designed the directory assistance robots to misroute you needlessly, then transfer you to a



human operator who asks precisely the same questions.

The super-creaky Stanford Robot Lady Voice intones on the line, "Directory assistance for what city, please?"

"Winnipeg."

A long pause. This is the robot imitating a human voice with voice pretension. "For what purpose?"

You hate your tongue. It's just a robot. Maybe you can teach it something. Asability is possible, you answer? "Winnipeg is in Manitoba."

"For what number?"

"River East Collegiate."

Long pause.

The human operator comes on.

"Hi, what number are you looking for please?"

Uh. The number I just asked your super-creaky Stanford Robot Lady colleague for, maybe?

Through gritled teeth, you repeat yourself, precluding to be calm even as you

pounder the cosmic stupidity of a phone company that would replace human operators with robots that ignore everything you say and deliver you to Emergency Backup Humans, who are loathly, surrounded by super-creaky Stanford Robot Lady Voices, and have therefore, apparently, been driven quite mad.

"Here's your number. Thanks for calling." And then they give you a number that is never—not ever!—the one you asked for.

**8** I would have thought the position of tax driver had two qualifications: (1) find addresses, (2) make change for a \$20. Apparently I was mistaken on both counts.

**9** I have a new house. I ordered a dresser for the bedroom. Had a hefty deposit—half the cost. The receipt says, "Allow 10-12 weeks for delivery." It allowed 10 weeks. Then two more. Then some extra bonus weeks.

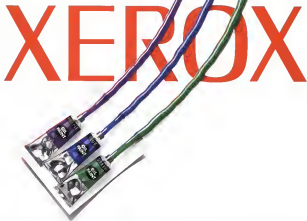
Finally after 16 weeks I looked and it still didn't have a dresser. I went back to the store. So sorry—there's nobody around to tell you where your dresser might be. Or whether it exists. Or whether it ever will. Later on they give you your name and number. Someone will get back to you on Tuesday.

Nobody got back to me on Tuesday. Nobody got back to me on Wednesday. Ten days after the next lady took my name and number, nobody has called to explain why my dresser is a month late meaning its 12-week deadline I will have to ignore to get my better things. These days I merely just tell them how my dresser is kept from arriving when I call directory assistance.

**10** I cancelled my Montreal print subscription two months ago. But they won't stop sending it to me. The Post's owners want to charge money for access to their Web sites. But at the same time, they don't mind giving out free newspaper subscriptions that no force on earth can cancel.

I'm telling you, it makes me puke. I'd soothe my nerves with a Diet Coke, but all I can get is root beer.

To comment, backpage@theobserver.ca



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\*Standard on 3.5 SE model only. †Based on 2003 model year comparisons. Camry is a registered trademark of Toyota Motor Corporation. Accord is a registered trademark of Honda Motor Co. Ltd. ‡Ward's Auto World naming Altima's V6 one of the "10 Best Engines" of 2002. ††2003 Altima V6 CarGuide/The Globe and Mail Best Buy Award in the Family Car Category, Car Guide Magazine, October 2002. Nissan, the Nissan Brand Symbol, "SHIFT\_" tagline and Nissan model names are Nissan trademarks.